

COMPILED & EDITED BY ROBERT PAYNE

DRUMMER DADDIES

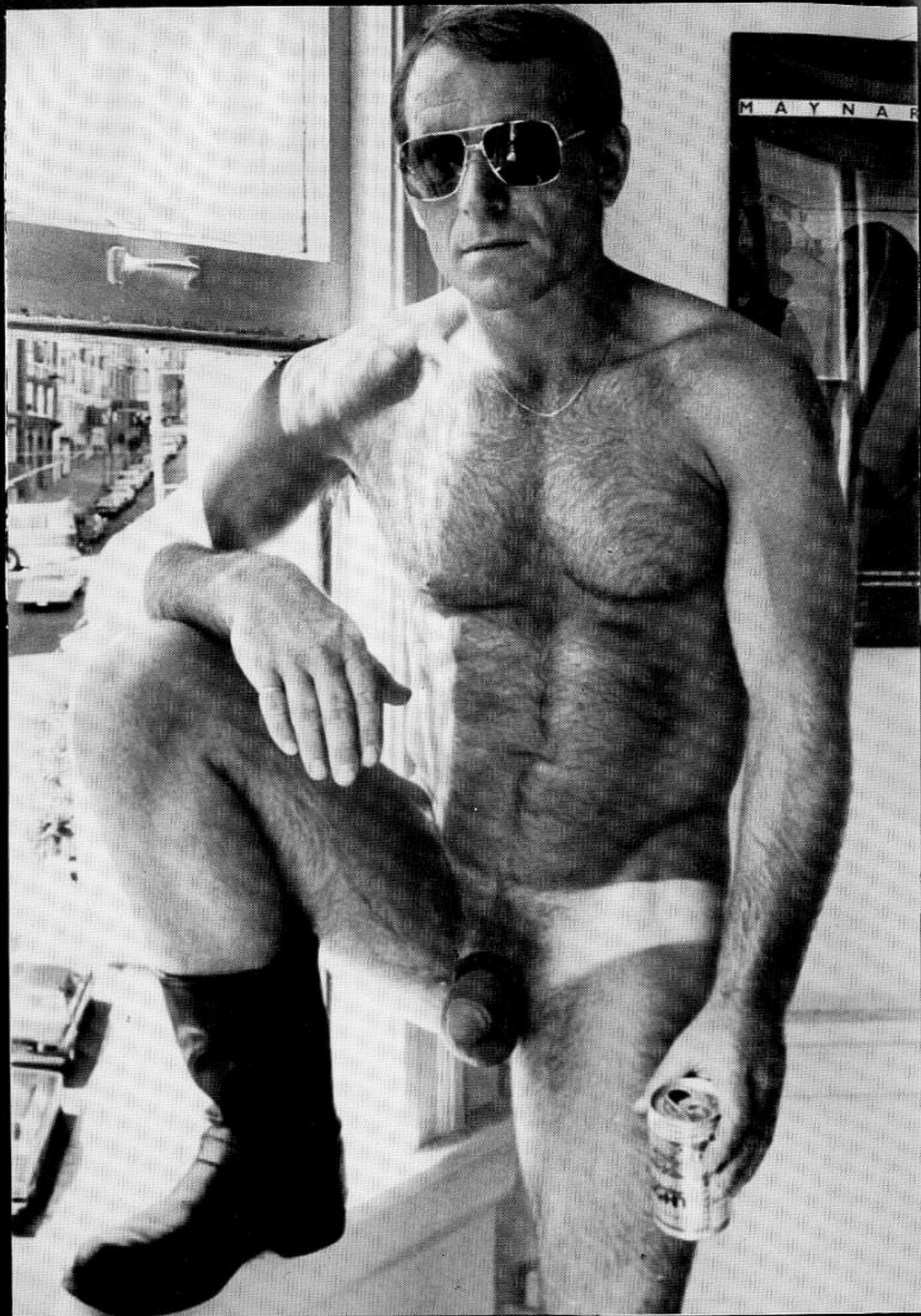
SIX DOLLARS



**In Search of
OLDER MEN**

THE DRUMMER DADDIES PHENOMENON WITH CASE HISTORIES,
NEWLY ILLUSTRATED! MUCH ADDITIONAL FACT AND FANTASIES!







In Search of OLDER MEN

There was a time when you could feel that the older you got, the more you would be out of things. Not any more, man. An innocuous little spread in DRUMMER called DRUMMER DADDIES showed me what I already had a feeling about. There are a lot of young guys out there that are interested only in older guys, not men looking for boys, but just the opposite. They want a father image in the man they settle down with. They want instruction and guidance, they know instinctively the advantage of experience which they, as yet, have never had the chance to acquire.

This phenomenon isn't all that new. Since before the ancient Greeks and Romans, young men attached themselves to their seniors, fought beside them, waxed athletic beside them, lay beside them and created some of history's greatest and most enduring friendships and romances.

But in this age, when everyone works so hard to stay young and look younger, suddenly the newer generations are coming along without many of the hang-ups of those prior. These men are not seeking clones. Young fellows their own age bore them. They want a man, an older one at that.

Our first DRUMMER DADDIES spread brought in more mail than anything ever run in the pages of DRUMMER. And the later series (now a regular) by that name is pulling in as much mail as the entire letters column. Much of the material is coming from young men looking for what they possibly never had, a Father— someone to call the shots, to take over where their own dad left off. Age seems meaningless in such a relationship, although we have limited the examples in the pages of this effort to those of legal age.

We are not covering, let alone pushing, incest, child abuse, corrupting of morals, minors, or anything of the sort. Much of the material in this book is actual and for real: the people and their experiences. So are the fantasies, for that matter, real in the minds of far more men than you ever dreamed possible.

If you are a Daddy in search of a son or are searching for a dad, read on and take heed. There is much to learn on the subject.

robert payne



In Search of OLDER MEN

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Cover photo by JIM WIGLER
Opposite page by LEMBO

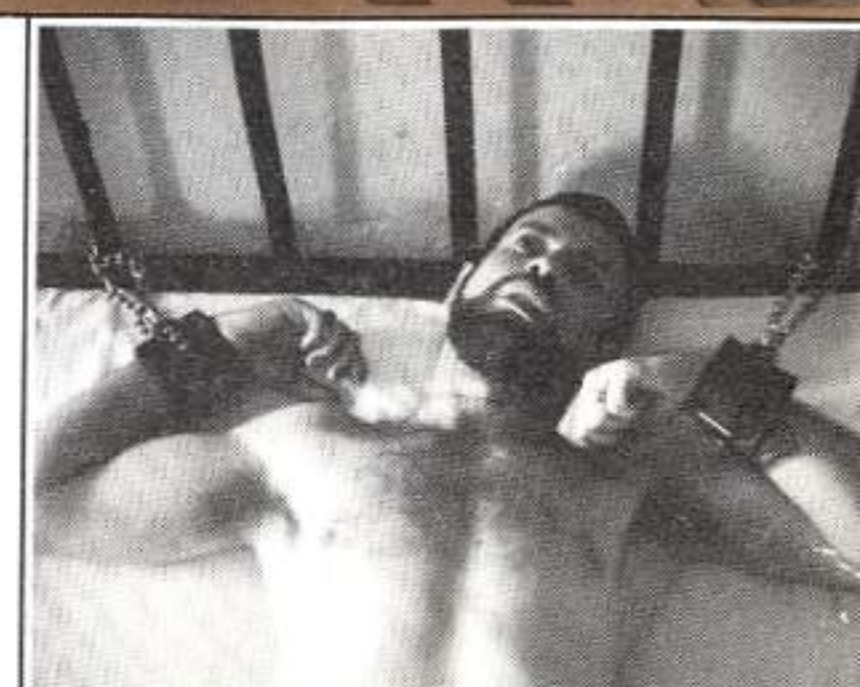


Photo: JIM MOSS

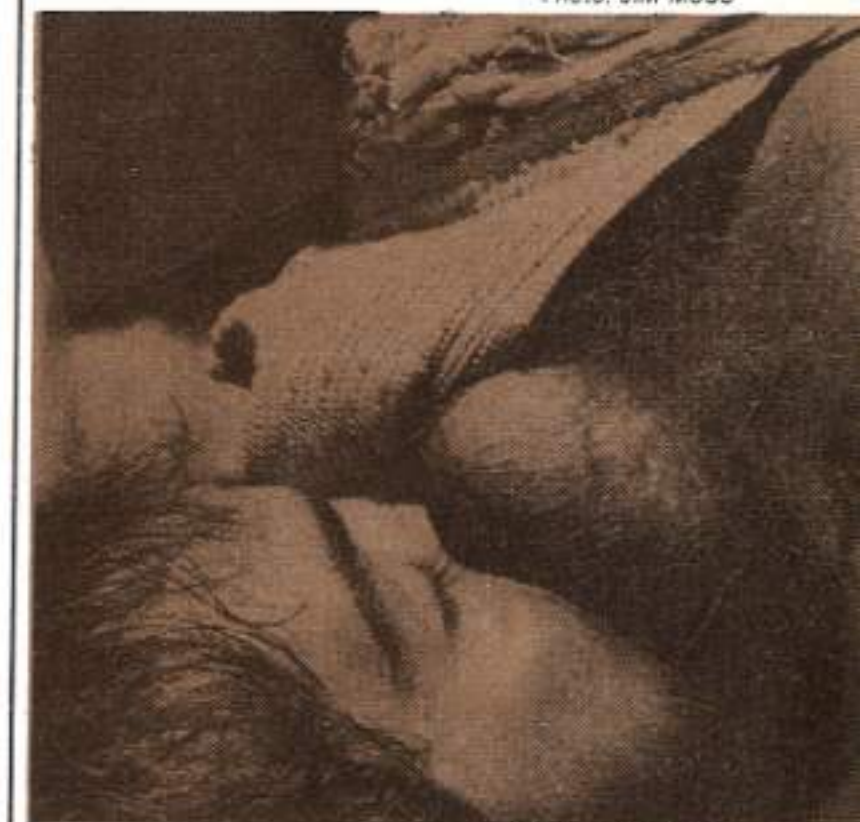
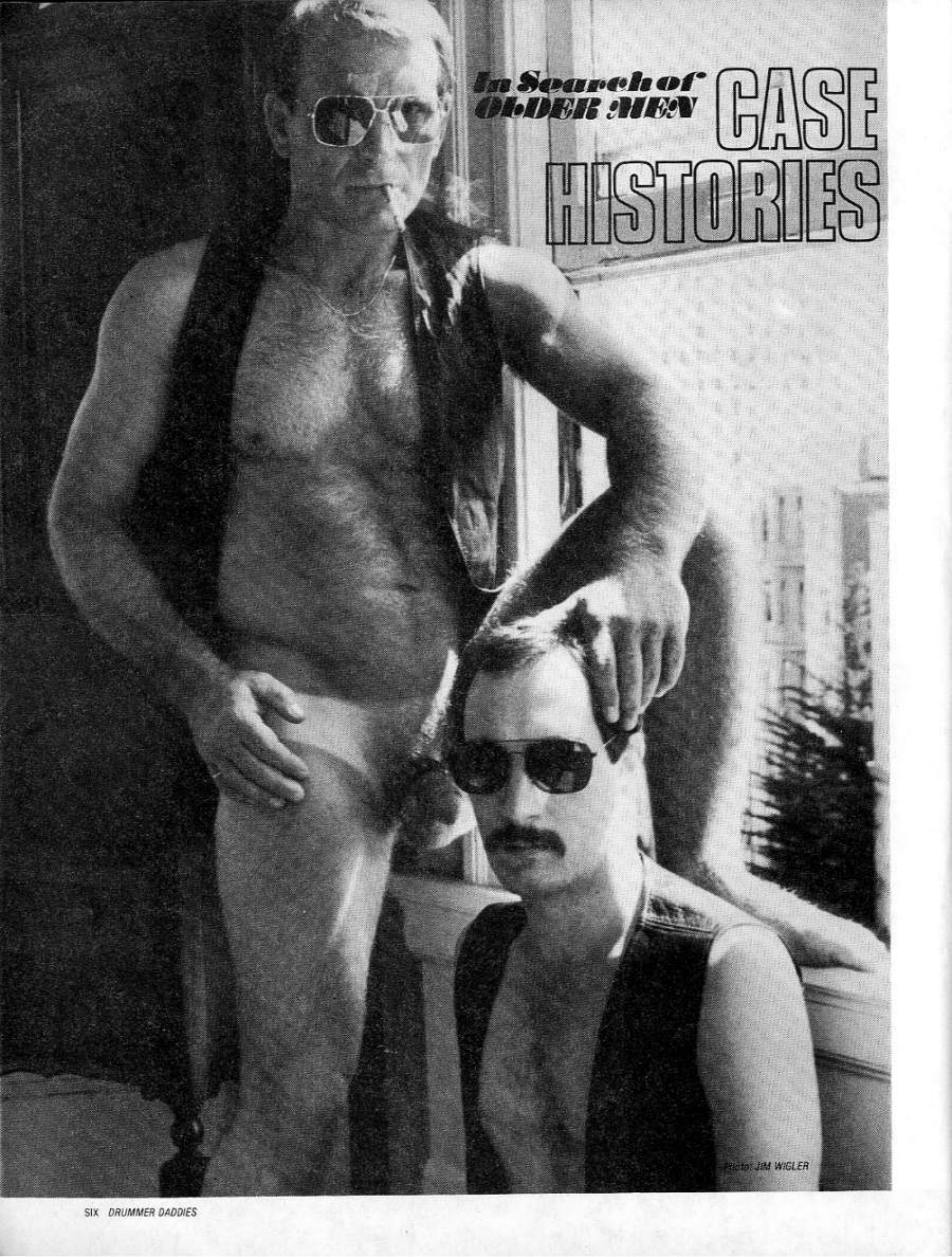


Photo: JIM WIGLER





*In Search of
OLDER MEN*

CASE HISTORIES

Photo: JIM WIGLER

DRUMMER DADDIES

Of the letters thus far received for DRUMMER DADDIES, this one has gotten the most responses. It is simple, straight forward and gets to the point immediately. We have forwarded all mail to the writer and would like to know, not only if he found the son he was looking for, but what he did with him or them. So far we have heard not a further word.

Case History Number One LYLE: WANTED— RAW MATERIAL

So DRUMMER is talking about Daddies? It's about time. I am well over 40 and I am interested in adults, not children. No teenyboppers wanting sugar daddies, please. I want a man. His flesh will be my flesh, just as though he were my own son. He is going to be shaped up, fed right and treated right and with no bullshit. I will do anything I damned please with him and he better know he can trust me and I can trust him. Otherwise forget it.

I don't expect perfection, at least not at first. So he will be stripped down and we'll get rid of a lot of attitudes and ego and his 1980's confusion and insecurity. He is going to be the best he can possibly be, a couple hours a day in a gym, he'll earn a degree if he doesn't have one, or at least a graduation. There will be no questions about whatever I decide needs to be done to him or for him. To get him in the proper frame of mind he will probably need shaving, ringing and maybe even branding. There will be no discussion or debate.

Photo: VICTOR ARIMONDI





Case History Number Two **RANDY: SECOND FATHER, SECOND CHANCE**

My dad was strict with me. I did as I was told and I never showed any disrespect. When my folks were divorced, the situation was such that I lived my young life with my father who worked down on the docks in Philadelphia. The marriage had soured him on women so he spent very little time with them. I guess working six days a week and limited funds had something to do with it too. We slept together in the same bed and showered together since he dropped me off at school on his way to work. In the night he would run his hands over my slim hairless body in his sleep. His needs were obvious. One night I felt his immense hard cock against my backside. I was fascinated. It was too dark to see it; I had to feel it so I did. It was magnificent and I rubbed it up and down, back and forth. The result was predictable and my father woke to find me covered with white, sticky cream all over me. I thought he had urinated but no, it was something else. He rolled over and I lay in the sweet wetness, trying to figure it out.

He would have me wash his back for him and I started continuing on his legs and feet. As I stood up in the shower I bumped my head on that same projectile. It stood out, waiting to be washed and I didn't have to be told. This time when I was covered with the same stuff, the warm water rinsed it off and, better yet, my young father explained it to me. I experimented on my own after school before he came home and got some results as the excitement grew. I told him about it and we were like brothers almost. He was pleased by my new found knowledge.

He was strict and jacking off wasn't all I had to do after school. I did the cleaning and laundry and even the grocery shopping. He taught me to cook and mend and eventually drive, but most of all he taught me how to suck cock.

One morning he called me into the bathroom while he was shaving and pulled down my jockey shorts. He spread shaving cream all over my lower belly and damned if he didn't take all the hair off my crotch and my balls, and then he made me bend over and he shaved my ass. That night during a poker game at the house with some of the men he worked with, he made me drop my pants and show off my big genitals. The guys all made remarks and whistled since I was so big and didn't even have any pubic hair yet. One guy said, "how old is the kid, Joe?" And my dad says, "Twelve." I was almost sixteen, but I kept my mouth shut and pulled up my pants. That night he made me beat off and then he said he would show me how to blow myself. It took a long time but eventually I was able to actually go down on myself, although I had never sucked off anybody before. I could get my mouth to the head of my dick, but I didn't know what to do then.

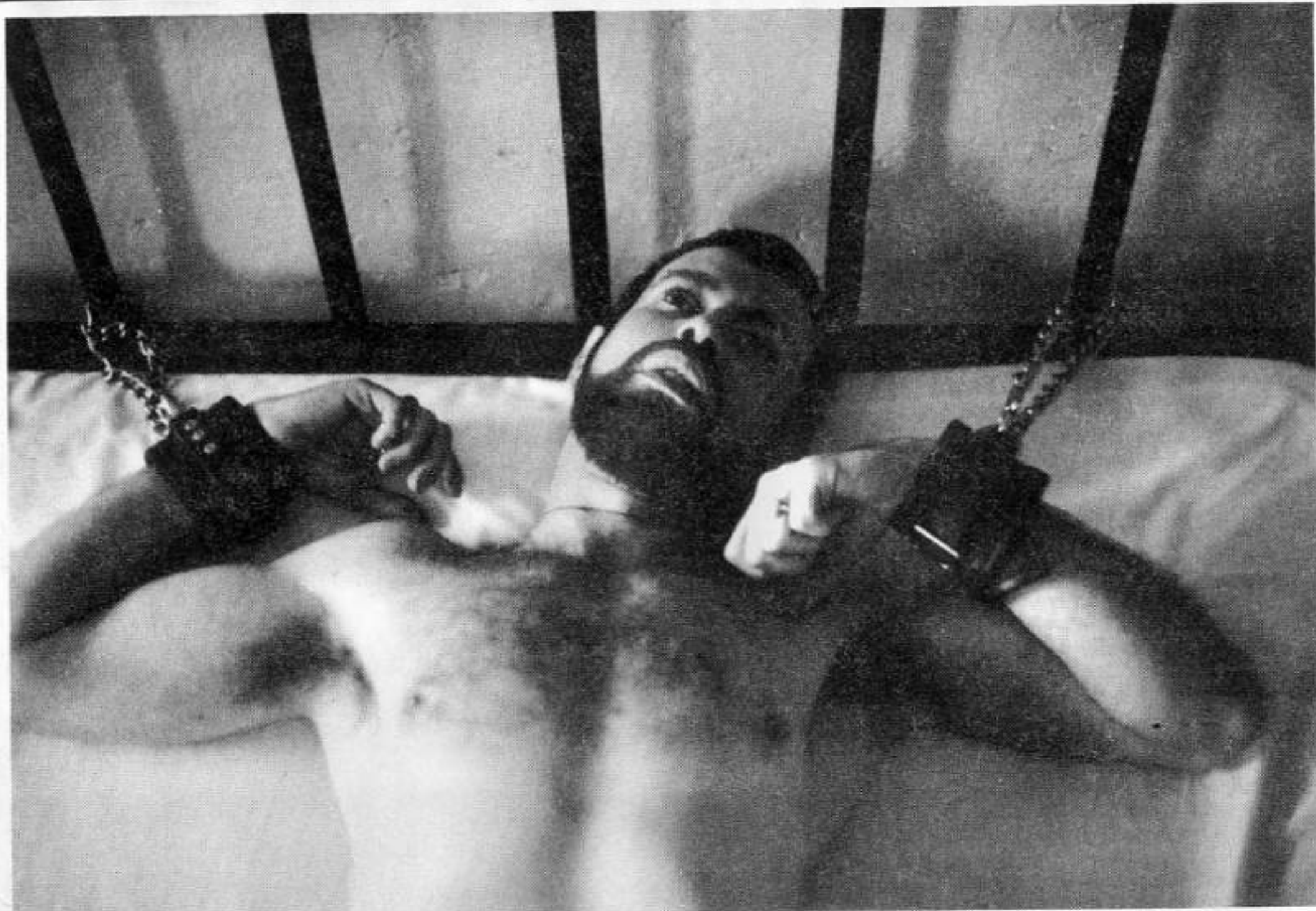
"Commere," he says and pushes my head to his crotch. He was ramrod hard and he shoved himself into my mouth and what felt like down my throat. I was gasping and begging but he held the back of my head so my face was up against his belly. I learned to suck that night and a lot of other nights from then on. I also learned to lay on on my back with my legs in the air and do my own cock. He never touched my genitals except to squeeze my balls or slap my dick around. Finally I wasn't allowed to just jerk off my dick and go clean up. I had to lick it off my dick and hands. "Good for you, boy," he said, and who was I to question. My dad was always right.

I never left home. I went to work where my dad works, doing heavy physical work. We play cards with our friends some nights and drink beer and go hunting and fishing. He even got a girl once or twice for us to have a three-way— though first he wanted to see me fuck her and lose my cherry. That night he fucked me afterward for the first time and I knew how the girl felt.

I would like to have a son someday and bring him up like I was brought up. A young copy of myself with a big cock and balls hanging down in front of him. I might do some things different, like start him off knowing his own sexuality a little earlier. But when I meet guys that never really got to know their fathers, I feel sorry for them.



Photos: JIM MOSS



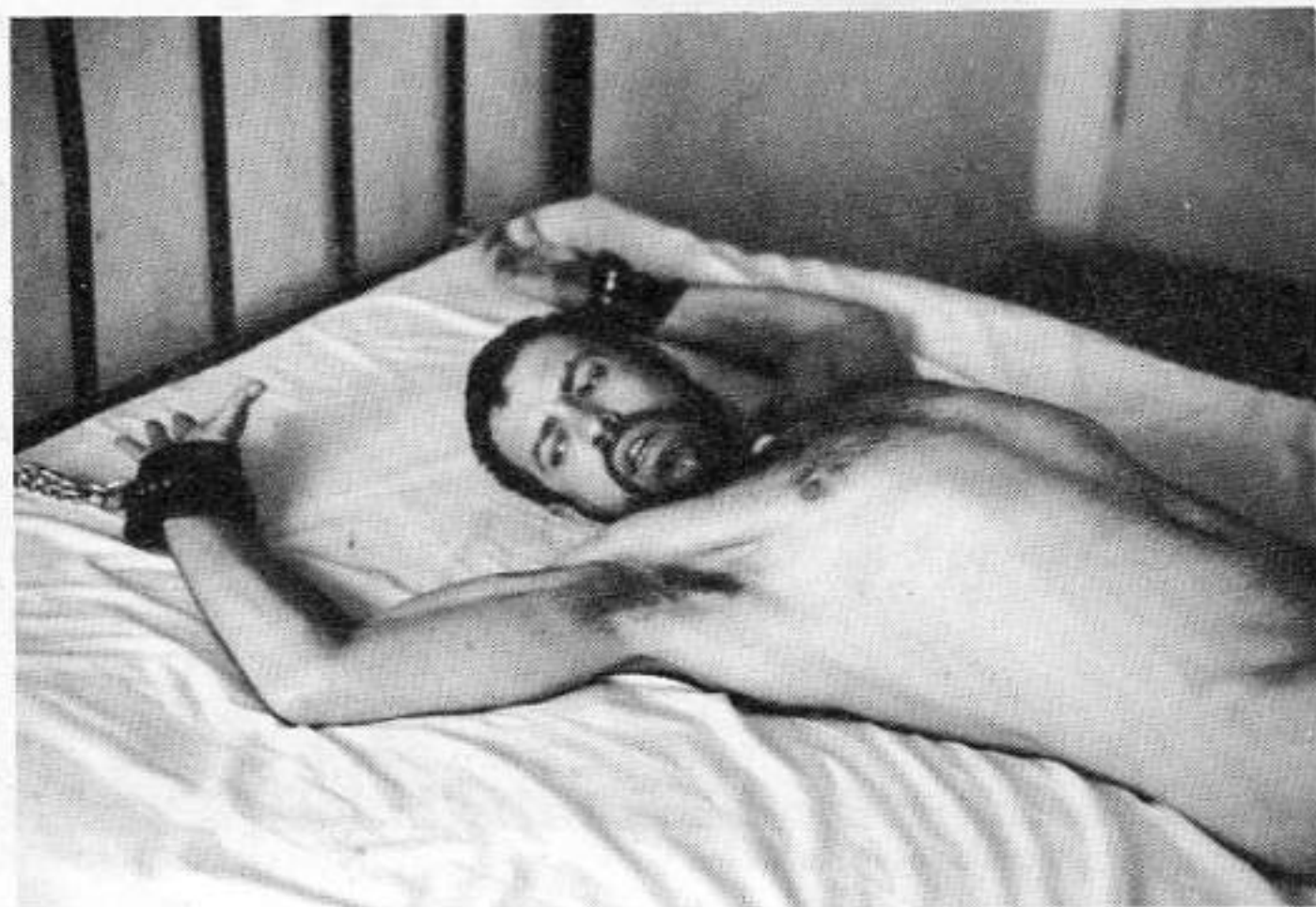
Photography: JIM MOSS

Case History Number Three HOWARD: FATHERS NEEDING FATHERS

You may think it is a strange situation to have a daddy that is younger than his boy but that is how it is with my daddy and me. I am in my thirties and he is twenty-five. Not only that but he is shorter than I am. Like a lot of little guys he is really developed, maybe that is what turned me on in the first place.

I guess I have wanted a father since I was a teenager. Mine moved out on us when I was twelve and I spent my teen-age years in the company of women, my mother and two sisters. I was the man of the family too soon and I needed someone to lean on. When I finally went out on my own, there were employers and an army sergeant and an older friend or two, but nothing became a permanent relationship until I met this tiger. Man, he has me by the balls and he knows it.

I was in a leather bar one night and he was standing ignoring everybody, especially me. He wasn't what I was looking for so I went parading around in my leather, giving everyone the impression that I was a 6'2" leatherman who might be talked into taking someone home to take over. Finally I caught his eye and he said nothing, just indicated I should come over with a flick of his hand. I did, I guess out of curiosity. He pointed to the floor and for some reason I automatically knelt. He grabbed my



hair and pulled me down a long hallway to the can; I was bent over and embarrassed as hell. He turned me loose and went over to the john, pulled out a huge whang and put his hands on his hips and waited. I crawled over and he shoved that big tool in my face, then my open mouth. I thought I would choke to death but I wanted to please this arrogant sonofabitch. I must have because he took my leather away from me, led me through the place stark naked out to his car and told me to get in. I did, he took me home, and that began our relationship.

Strange that he is so much younger than I, yet he always knows exactly what my needs were (and are) and how to turn me on when I really don't want to be. Or how he can keep me waiting until *he* needs to turn on and make that the most natural order of things.

He began by embarrassing me at home, taking my clothes away from me and making me run around with my cock and balls hanging out while I did the housework and fixed our meals. Or dressing me in diapers and not letting me go to the can at all. His cock is much larger than mine and he keeps referring to mine as a prick. About the only time I am allowed relief with it is during wet dreams and occasionally being made to play the little boy and jack off in front of a group of his friends.

The minute I get home from work I have to put my clothes away, do the chores and get dinner started. I am not allowed to drink or smoke (at least tobacco) and that took a while to get used to. To punish me once he made me get a part time job delivering papers (the guy in charge on the routes for the newspaper thought I must be some kid's father) and turning the collections over to him. I had to wear short pants, a sweat shirt with a school letter on it and go barefoot by bicycle. What few people that saw me at six in the morning probably thought I was retarded or the village idiot or something. I would finish, get back home, give my 'dad' his morning blowjob and bring him his coffee (and the goddam newspaper) and get breakfast. If a complaint came in that someone had not gotten their paper, I got my ass whipped.

He plans the menu and I have to eat whatever is put in front of me, which isn't too different from when I was a kid. I have been sent to my room without dinner on occasion and often am treated to dessert from a dish on the floor with my dad's bare foot in it or he sits in it and I get to lick it from his ass.

He is in charge and I have no questions as to that being the way it should be.



TERRY Photo



Case History Number Four ALAN: SURROGATE FATHER

I guess you could call our relationship similar to a father-son arrangement. My "Daddy" was the first man I really had sex with. Oh, I had played around some with classmates and survived a school initiation or two. But for a real anything-goes situation, it was with the man I am now still with. Ever since we met while I was in high school he has been calling the shots in my life.

I wanted to drop out of school and he refused to let me. My real father is long gone and my mother couldn't care less. I guess she knows about our relationship but, since I am out of her hair, she hasn't given me any trouble. I think she was actually interested in Rod until she decided he liked men. God, he could have been my real father (by marriage, of course). But that wouldn't have made him any more a Dad to me than he is right now.

I guess I had wanted some discipline and structure in my life all along. I'm sure I wasn't looking for anyone quite as strict as Rod, though. I guess he had his work all cut out for him. I was in my awkward period; you might even say that I had a couple of feminine qualities. Boy, did Rod pry me out of that.

I guess he wanted his son to be the boy-next-door type. You know, the kid who rides a bike and delivers the papers. Sort of a Huckleberry Finn, barefoot with fishing pole and baseball cap. That first year I spent plenty of time in Rod's version of the woodshed. He would take me down to the basement and lay a razor strap across my bare ass while I cried and begged and promised.

He dressed me, not in jeans like the other guys, but in bib overalls. He would pick me up after school and when I got into the car I took off my shirt and shoes and socks. That is how he wanted me. When we got home the overalls would have to go too. I had my chores to do while he went back to his office. Then, when he came home for the evening, he would fix dinner and I would clean up the kitchen and the table. The routine is pretty much the same today except that I also do the cooking now. He taught me and taught me well.

My naked form in the kitchen is a lot stockier than it was then. The months of athletics and weightlifting show. I have gotten used to being naked most of the time, out of necessity mostly. When I sat on his lap in the evening and he noticed my hair growing on my chest and belly, he took me into the bathroom and shaved me. "His boy was growing up too fast," he said. But now that my

dick is almost as big as his and my chest and belly are covered with hair, he simply keeps my ass and crotch shaved and merely clips the hair on me between my pecs.

He masturbates me once a week, usually while I am sitting on his lap and that is the only time I am allowed relief. My big hard dong amuses him and, while I have never been allowed to fuck anyone (other than his hand), I sometimes like to imagine being allowed to stick it between the cheeks of my father's ass. I am glad he doesn't know about it or I really would get taken to the 'shed' for sure. He thinks it is amusing that my prick is always hard when we are together and tells me that too much self-abuse is bad for a growing boy. I am just as glad that all of my attention is focused on my dad's cock and that my enjoyment comes from using his and not mine.

A.F.
Denver, CO

Case History Number Five ROBBIE: SON FOR HIRE

The guy I belong to is over twice as old as I. If you want to know how I met him, I didn't. I was given to him. That's right. I had been living with another guy about the same age when I came out to the West Coast. This guy was a professional masseur who was teaching me the ropes. He also did a little out-call hustling and said he was going to show me how to handle that too. He gave great rub-downs and used his ass pretty often. That was his thing. He had a really thick cock and liked to screw tight ass. I guess I had one of the tightest, but it was a place to stay and, like I said, he gave great rub-downs. I didn't have any bread to go out with girls, no car and I was pretty young too. Just a dumb farm boy from the midwest that wanted to see Hollywood and get away from the snow.

To make a long story short, my friend found another kid that he liked better. The kid was parking cars at the restaurant down the street and he also needed a place to stay. So in he moves and I sleep on the couch.

Then one day my masseur friend takes me over to a friend of his that

lives in the hills. The guy looks me over in a strange way and says he wants 'to check me out.' He takes me downstairs, tells me to take off my clothes. By now I know that I am about to lose my happy home so I do what this cat says. I strip and he tells me to turn around. He feels my well-used (but still tight) ass and runs his hand over my legs and back. He turns me around again and feels my nipples, my belly, like he expected to find me pregnant or something. He squeezes my balls hard and I just look straight at him. I have a good solid body, nothing to be ashamed of. If a guy wants to check me out before he lets me move in, he can feel free.

So I got dumped there and my training began. I was to call the new dude "Dad" or "Sir" and nothing else.

R.B.
Los Angeles, CA



Case History Number Six TED: NIGHT VISITOR

Raised as a child by my great-grandparents, it was my greatest joy to be reared as an adult by my father (actually my stepfather, but in rearing what is a step but something to get up from and over).

As the oldest of six and left basically to my own responsibilities, it was my duty to sit, shall we say, in their seat while mom and dad were out.

Upon their return on several such nights and into the beginning of the day, my father would come into the den (after having put mom to bed), usually clad only in pajama bottoms—his hairy chest standing proud and assured, to check and see how things had gone (never doubting that something had).

He would relax by my side and get me to rub his broad shoulders, down his muscular spine to the small of his back, downward through his pajamas kneading the well-rounded cheeks of his ass, down its crevice and deep into the undersides of his thick thighs where I could feel his cock begin to thicken and enlarge and grasp the weightiness of his balls.

I continued down and around his thighs, over and around his muscularly thick calves, to his Roman arched feet and toes; he then turned over for me to begin at the top again.

His hairy firm chest and arms, down his rippled stomach to his waist into the pelvic muscles, along the interior of his thighs, would I massage.

His cock—by this time hard, thick, and firmly jutting through the snap closure of his pajamas at my mouth level (as natural as boy/man have been from time beginning)—would I encircle. The sensuously sheening purple cock head and its beautifully thick and long shaft into and down my mouth and throat, where he would soon deposit a gushingly sweet load of come.

Then he would allow me to sit upon his still throbbing cock and warm thickly muscled thighs and beat off up and into the hairs on his chest. Then, taking me by the back of my neck, he had me lick him clear of my cum mingled with his sweat.

This went on for many years and hopefully one day will resume. I hotly remember the knowledge and experience of what has been and will always be—the eternal bond of son to Father and Father to son.

Case History Number Seven BOB: DREAM DAD

I need a Dad who is all man. He must know who he is, where he is going, and what he must do to achieve his goals in life. My Dad's wants and needs must be taken care of by his slave and no one else.

My Dad must not be afraid to train me in any way. My Dad would only hurt me if he loved me.

He must be able to fuck his slave in the mouth with all 8" of his thick, long, hard rod and, if he thinks there's enough room, to stick his big fat balls in with his cock. My Dad must be able to fuck his slave in the ass with his bull dick and to come all over his slave.

My Dad must be able to fart in my face and have me accept it as a reward for a job well done.

My Dad must know what is good for me. He must be able to piss down my throat or wherever else he wants to put it. He must be able to take his hairy body and rub it all over my face.

He's got to be all man and close to between 28-35 years old, for I want to live with him as long as possible. If he is a loner, and does not associate with other men, I don't care because I live only for him. I want to please my Dad in every way he wants me to. For my Dad, living under his boot would be all that I could ask for.

Photo courtesy CATALINA VIDEO





Case History Number Eight **RON: MARINE DAD**

My desire to submit and my attraction for older men finds its roots in my relationship with my father. He, more than anyone, shaped my feelings for men and my role as a submissive.

My father was a very strict disciplinarian. He was a former Marine Drill Instructor and we were taught at an early age to jump when he said jump. And whenever I failed to do as I was told, it would mean a trip to the cellar where my pants and shorts would fall and I'd receive my punishment on my bare ass. Typically my discipline would consist of hanging onto a rafter while my father whipped my ass with his belt. It hurt like hell, but I was always fascinated by the discipline. Whenever I was alone in the house, I would tie myself to a post and try to whip my own ass in an attempt to duplicate the whippings my father gave me.

During these years I discovered the joy of male to male sex. I remember delightful times with other boys, sucking cock and jacking off. But whenever I'd jerk off with my fantasies, they would be of me submitting to the belt of my old man. I could not bring myself to ask my father if we could have sex although I suspected that my father might have responded favorably.

Shortly after I turned 18, I joined the service. After a year I found myself stationed not far from home. One particular Saturday found me and my father alone in the house. The conversation somehow got around to sex and then Dad said, "Could I suck your cock?" I couldn't believe it. My old man was gay. Before long I was naked on his bed and he was sucking my rock-hard cock. I was thrilled to no end when he rolled me over onto my belly, spread my legs and proceeded to insert his cock into me. The ultimate submission: being fucked by the man that brought you into the world.

We had sex like this whenever we could. But still I was missing something. What it was was to show my old man that I could take his discipline like a good boy and give him pleasure. The day came when I got up enough nerve to ask him to work me over in the cellar. To my delight, he told me he'd been eager to see if I'd learned to be a good whipping boy. So in the cold cellar I presented my naked self to my Daddy. My hands and waist were tied to a cellar post and my feet were spread apart and secured. First he warmed my ass with his firm hands. Then, when I no longer jerked and squirmed from the blows, he took out a three-inch-wide belt and proceeded to whip my ass good! Before long I was begging him to enter me and enter me he did. In one

Photos: JIM MOSS

thrust his cock was in me. With many hard strokes, my old man fucked me. And as he hung on me, with a final hard, deep thrust, he shot his juice into my bowels. I had found my place.

My father is gone now but I still seek that Daddy who can use and enjoy me as my father did. I am a Daddy's boy and will always be one.

Case History Number Nine **CHARLIE: USED BY DAD**

My dad was never satisfied with me, always calling me "sissy" or a "momma's boy" and making me do the things that he had liked when he was growing up. He said his dad was very strict and wouldn't put up with what kids got away with these days. So I got away with very little. My mom was gone and my stepmother wasn't around too much so my dad and I were together much of the time.

He kept saying my dick wasn't big enough all the time I was growing up and that it was an embarrassment to him. He still put it down and made me beat off every night before I went to bed. Sometimes he would watch and sometimes not, but he would ask me if I had 'exercised' today and how many times. Maybe he thought that would keep me out of trouble with girls or even other guys. Anyway, as my cock got bigger and my balls developed to the size of a couple of oranges, he would show me off sometimes. "Charlie, drop your pants and show these guys how big you're getting." I felt as humiliated as anybody can get at first. It was one thing to beat off in front of your old man at night, but to expose yourself to his friends? But you get used to anything. It wasn't as if anybody bothered with me and I guess I was pleased that my old man was proud of the big bulge in the front of my pants. In fact I was getting big all over. And that was when he decided maybe I was getting too big for my britches.

First it was in the shower, then during the night. His needs would become overwhelming and he would reach for me wordlessly, push down my head and enter my mouth. I had a small mouth and he had a huge cock and it took much practice and patience on his and my part. He liked his balls held, fondled, even pulled. He did it to himself I noticed and I began doing it for him. I would hold those big orbs with one hand and run the other over his hairy chest, feeling his nipples and those powerful pectorals.

I was growing like a weed, with hair on my pubic region and my prick was becoming a smaller version of his. He never touched my cock and never allowed me to do anything with it in his presence. Wasn't good for me, he said. There was evidence of my beating off one evening when he came home and he took a board to my ass. Then later that night, he fucked my still sore and tender ass.

I was son, brother, wife and lover to him—we weren't all that many years apart. He showed me how to play ball and do chin ups and fish. He would drink too much a few times and take it out on me. Somehow I understood and it even made us closer.

He is gone now at too young an age, just like his own father. I have never known nor wanted to know a woman. I want another father. I want to be ordered around, to kneel in front of him and put my head between those muscular hairy legs.

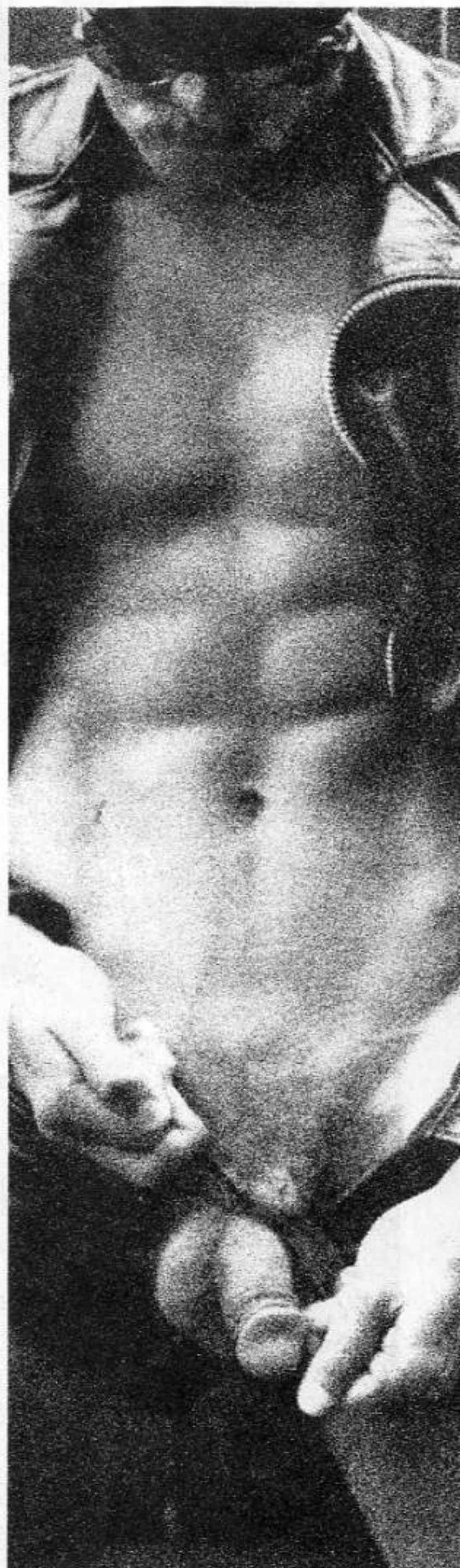
I sailed away on one of those big ships that my father used to unload, working as a deck hand. I was not interested in the younger men, only in the mature ones who would invite me to their bunks and dally with my strong young body and eager mouth and ass. There is nothing feminine about me. I look and talk like my dad. My shoulders and chest and cock and balls have grown big from heavy use.

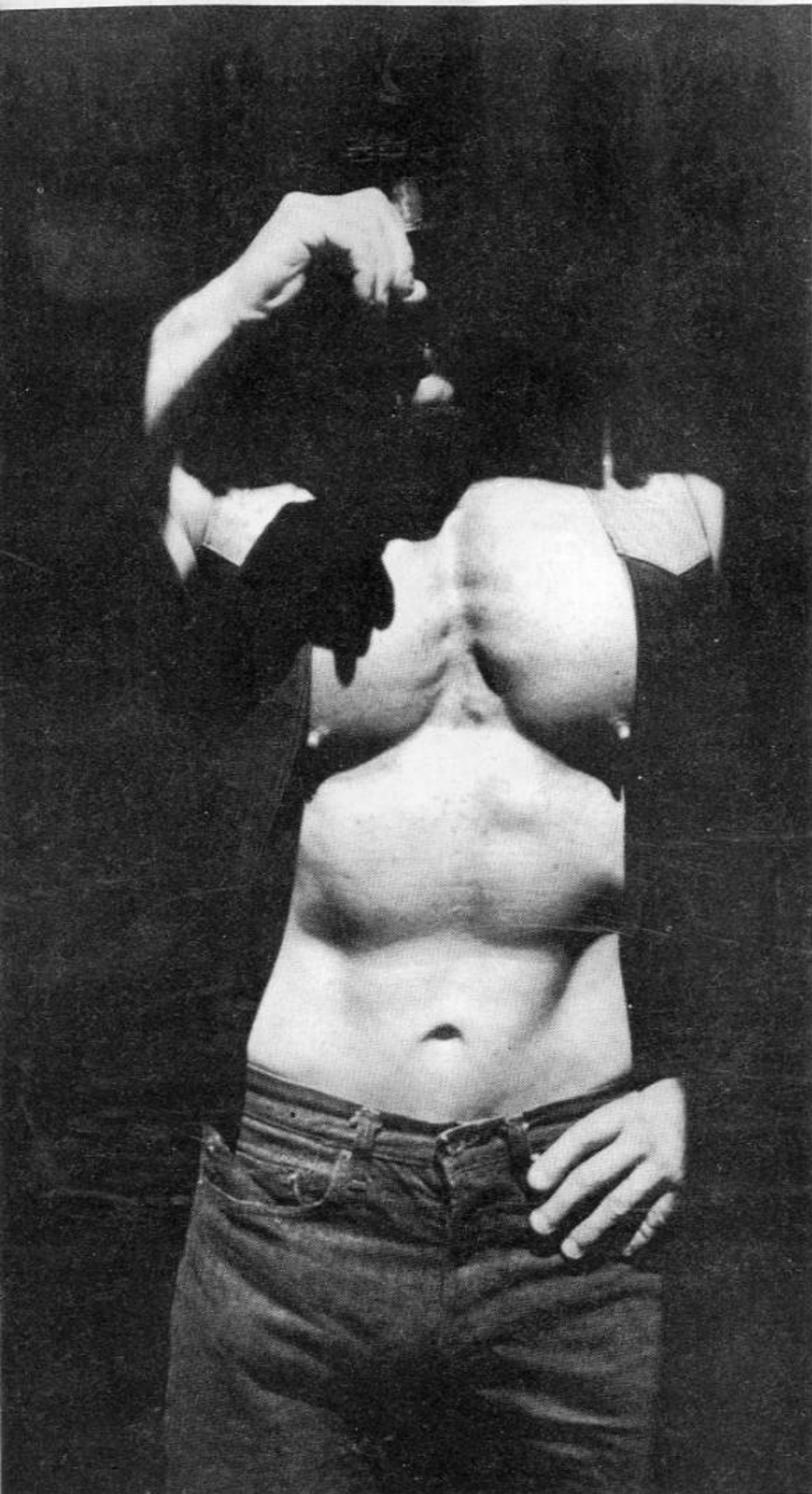
I met a leatherman one night in Boston and while the sex was nothing, I enjoyed having him order me around and use my body as he saw fit. The asshole didn't know what to do with me and I never went back. I was trained not to beat my meat but shit—any red-blooded male needs some release.

Sometimes it comes in the middle of the night. There is a man, my father, in my dreams and I am down, stripped and tied with dock rope, servicing him. It is ecstasy and I awaken bathed in sweat and cum with a sweet sadness over me.

I think I would do anything to go back. I would work all day and serve him all night. I would bring my check home, as I did to my dad and he would put me on an allowance. He could take my clothes away from me as my dad did sometimes so I wouldn't go out when he wasn't home. He could shave my crotch too, like my dad did when I started growing up too fast.

In the meantime I go to bars where there are men who are looking for men. But they seem to be merely boys themselves. I am not looking for children. I want a man. Strong, consistent, strict, demanding, loving, but a man. I want to find my father again.





Case History Number Ten BEN: AN OBEDIENT SON

At home, as a disobedient boy, I received the belt frequently; at school, as a truant teenager (even until 17), I got paddled often. Now as a man-slave I have a very strict Master.

He demands that I be completely shaved, naked as a buck at home, with a horsetail plugged up into my bung hole, requiring me to eat meals and sleep in a stall. When I am late, or sullen, or break a rule, Master whips my bare ass vigorously with his wide leather strap and sends me to the stall.

Sir, I am not complaining— I am a slave— a worthless slave. I respectfully ask if you feel I am too dependent on the strap either physically or psychologically. Is the strap programming me in life to a point where the strap is *more* important than my Master?

Master refuses to compromise his punitive practices; he dialogues freely about personality development, dependence and determinants but forcefully whips my ass in daily practice.

Master told me that he never whipped anyone before he whipped me. I have no reason to question that statement as true; every time, before he does punish me, my Master requires me to say, "Sir, strap my bare ass good for being so stupid, I'm sorry." Then the leather cuts deep into my naked butt, fully burning and aching with each stroke of the strap!

Case History Number Eleven REX: RAISING A SON

I got my son by picking him up when he was hitchhiking. He had a knapsack and looked like he hadn't had a good meal or a night's sleep for awhile. He was standing along Santa Monica Boulevard in Los Angeles so I assumed he must be hustling. Maybe he was, but not for money, just a place to lay his head down and someone to talk to. He was eighteen, had dropped out of high school and left home. His mother had remarried and was trying

Photo: VICTOR ARIMONDI

to make her marriage work, which was difficult with a big, almost-grown boy around the house. He disliked his new stepfather intensely. Like many other youngsters, he came to Hollywood and found it not too different from his own hometown, just bigger. It was summer and all the jobs were taken by school kids. He was broke, hungry and, worst of all, lonely. We stopped at a coffee shop and I fed him, watching his big farmboy's hands grab for the food and wolf it down with that strong jaw. He would look up at me and smile with his intense blue eyes, his mouth being too busy.

As we walked out of the place I asked him where he was staying. There was a long hesitation, a beginning bit of bullshit about 'with friends' and then he stopped, deciding on the simple truth. He had slept in a vacant lot the night before and a parked car before that. He was afraid of the police, which one should be in Los Angeles. He thanked me for the meal and stood waiting for an invitation to get into the car. He got an order instead. I took him home and told him to shower while I threw his clothes into the washer.

He came out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around him, his yellow curls still damp, and looking a whole lot better: wide shoulders, a deep chest with the beginning of a crop of chest hair and solid legs. I told him to take off the towel, which he did without hesitation, revealing some pretty powerful equipment. I checked him out as one should any new acquisition: good teeth, tight butt, heavy balls in a low-hanging sac and a prick that sprang up immediately from the attention it was getting. He was a terrible cocksucker, so I fucked him where he stood. He seemed to expect it. I laid down the terms. He was to finish school and make himself handy around the house. He was to stay off the streets and obey the rules. He lay in my arms that night, secure for the first time in a long time and later, loved for probably the first time in his life.

He is in his twenties now and a big help to me in my business. He not only finished high school but went on to college. He works with a group that helps kids from juvenile hall, trying to rectify the treatment they have experienced at home and at the hands of the authorities.

I finally adopted him; he has my name and is quite a different young man from the hungry, scared kid I picked up a few years ago. He is also a much better cocksucker.



Photo: JIM MOSS



Case History Number Twelve **PETER: LIKE A FATHER, LIKE A MASTER**

The voice on the phone was deep but sounded youngish. I still don't know how he got my number but he said his name was Dick and that he had the number because he was holding a nine-inch piece of hot, thick cock in his hand right then. "Interested, man? You don't know me, but you've seen my picture if you're into magazines. I flashed this big dick in front of more cameras than I can count."

"What do you look like?" I asked, feeling my own cock getting bigger and bigger in my jock strap.

"I'm 5'10", dark hair, 150 pounds of solid muscle, hairy body and fucking hot for a juicy tongue on this big dick. A buddy of mine says you've got just the hot mouth I need right now— all over my body, man, it's covered with sweat from working out. You'd like that, cocksucker? You'd like this hot nineteen year old stud with a fuckin' raunchy body and big dick? I'm shit-faced stoned, man, and that gets me horny as hell."

Even though it was late at night and I had to work the next day, the sonofabitch really turned me on, so I asked him to come over. He said he lived in Brooklyn not far from me and said he'd be right there, adding, "But only if I'm in charge."

About fifteen minutes later, the doorbell rang. Up the steps came a hot Italian stud whose picture I had seen. His leather pants clearly showed the big dick he'd boasted about and his tight sweaty tee-shirt was bursting with muscles. His glazed green eyes examined me closely. Then he muttered, "Fucking hot, man. You're some kind of stud yourself even though you're old enough to be my father."

The last phrase I ignored, thinking he might be turned off by someone in his early 40's. I forget this is a different generation from my own, or

at least I would never have looked at someone even approaching 30 when I was 19.

This kid obviously was different. His eyes suddenly met mine and he started running his tongue over his lips while he stared at me. I started to do the same, then curled my tongue and slurped a huge gob of spit back and forth on it. His own tongue came out further and he said, "Let me have some of that spit— please, daddy, let me have some of your hot spit."

I was startled and didn't know what to make of the change in scene. I'm usually a top but would have groveled on the floor for this demanding and dominant young kid. That's what I thought was going to happen— and I think he did, too, until he saw me. I told him to open his fucking mouth, and leaned over and spit into it.

"Please, Daddy, give me some more. Please?" He got down on his knees, looking at my mouth while I let one stream of spit follow another. If any spilled on the floor, he immediately licked it up.

"Stand up, shithead!" I ordered. He promptly obeyed, this time with his eyes lowered and head suddenly bent in submission. I led him into the dark living room, lighted only by the fireplace.

As he undressed, the light flickered on his hard body and huge dick which, at that point, looked to be about a foot long. He squatted down on the floor rubbing his handsome face on my ripped levis, muttering, "Daddy, why did you leave me? You knew I loved you." His tongue began to lick parts of my leg he could reach through the holes. He moaned, "Oh, Daddy, I found you at last."

By this point my cock was bursting through the jock strap and the 501's. I unbuttoned the pants enough for that well-packed jock to spring out. He cried, "There's my daddy's cock. I've always wanted to taste it. It's even bigger than I thought it would be."

"Lick it, son. Lick Daddy's cock through his jock strap."

Oh yeah." He moaned further, "Daddy, you've got some piss on it. Let me clean it off for you, please?"

I patted his head and moved it slowly around so he could reach all over my raunchy jock strap.

"Yeah, Daddy, bring me out gently. Just like I always wanted you to do."

I let him ease my cock out the side of my jock. "Lick it all over," I ordered. "Get your daddy's dick nice and clean for him." His tongue and mouth felt fantastic, leading me to say, "Fuck, son, you could do this for a living."

"Oh, Daddy, don't be mad at me, but I do sometimes. I've been a bad boy. People pay money for me to take care of them. You aren't gonna punish me, are you? I'm the stud slut who'll do anything for enough cash. But now all I want is your cock in my mouth. That's all I've ever wanted."

"You fucking whore. What kind of son do I have? Get off my fucking cock and bend over that table." He jumped up and did as he was told with that hot firm ass sticking up and his cock getting even bigger. I grabbed a belt. It whistled in the air as blow after blow struck that perfect ass.

"I'm know I'm a bad boy. I deserve to be punished. Hit me harder, Daddy, please," he shouted.

His ass was becoming a deep red and I yanked him up and pulled him into the john. "Lean over that toilet seat. Some hot piss will feel good on that ass, won't it, boy?"

"Oh, yeah, Daddy. Do whatever you want with me. Piss all over me. Piss in my mouth, on my face, in my hair. I'm a no-good pig. Do to me what I do to the others, Daddy."

I sat him down on the toilet seat and let go with a hot rush of recycled beer all over his face. His open mouth tried to catch as much of it as he could as he muttered, "My daddy's piss. Oh my God. I've never tasted it. I love it."

When I shoved the pissing cock in his mouth he shot all over without touching himself— endlessly. Then he looked up at me with those deep green eyes and said, "Please, Daddy, let me have your cum."

The combination of spit, mouth and tongue on my cock was irresistible and I came in seconds. The first of three times that night. Haven't come that fast or that often since I was a teenager.

We eventually fell asleep with him in my arms, purring softly. I took the next day off from work and he cancelled a few "appointments."

That was two months ago. Dick now loves me like the father he once had, but who deserted the family when he was twelve— and who, incidentally, he says looked like me. He's become my slave/son who keeps house, cooks, services me and my friends and with my permission still continues hustling with other men (but hands over his considerable fee).

But I've changed too. I now have the son I never thought was possible who's willing (and equipped) to do *anything* to please me. It is a big responsibility.



Photo: ROSE DE CASTRO

Case History Number Thirteen JIM: A MASTER FOR A SON

For years television has shown Father as a bumbling knucklehead, dominated by his wife and children. Gone is the 'Father Knows Best' or 'Life With Father' image, replaced by Dagwood Bumstead or Archie Bunker.

That never was my idea, however. I dreamed of having a dad that would represent authority, rule with an iron hand and make me toe the mark. It has been a long search but I have found what I must have really wanted all along, with an exception or two. I am the Daddy and my son is in charge. He runs the show and, as I had dreamed, I toe the mark and with a bare toe.

We met in a bar; he is at least ten years younger than I, almost as tall and a lot heavier. He was quietly polite, sizing me up and he responded to my invitation to go home by announcing that he was a hustler. I asked him what he liked to

do and he gave me the 'anything you want' routine. This beautiful young stud was irresistible and I took him up on his offer, whatever the cost. We got home. He looked my place over, told me he wanted a beer and ordered me to take off my clothes. He sat down on my favorite chair, sprawling out, crotch forward and said, "Take off my boots." I knelt down, unzipped the sides and pulled them off.

"Socks too, asshole."

Off they came. His feet are big and well-shaped. The next thing to do, it seemed, was for me to go down and lick them, finishing by sucking his toes. When he let me crawl up to his crotch, it was bulging. He pushed my head down and I unzipped his pants with my teeth and licked the big piece of meat through the opening. Finally he unfastened his belt and pulled his pants down enough to let that big dick straighten itself out.

He shoved it into my mouth and I got a full load of recycled beer. I didn't waste a drop—I couldn't; he was holding my head against him so tight I could hardly breathe.

"O.K., Daddy, now suck your boy off."

I sucked like an animal. I have never been so turned on. I started to play with myself and he kicked my hand away with his foot. I sucked as I was told until he seemed more than ready to come, when he pushed me away and I fell back on my ass. He stood up and took his time about finishing undressing. He carefully laid his clothing on the chair, pushed me down flat on the floor, then squatted to sit on my face. I instinctively knew what to do next as he sat over me and slapped my hard-as-a-rod dick. I tongue-fucked him for what seemed like forever, and licked the balls hanging in my face.

"Shit!" he finally exclaimed and stood up. "Roll over, Daddy." I lay on my belly and he pulled his belt from his pants. "Lift up your ass, Daddy."

I lifted and he gave me at least a dozen good ones across my butt with his belt.

"Fucking cocksucker," he mumbled to himself. "Think you can buy me to use for anything you want. Think you can take me out back and beat my butt and make me get down on my knees to you? Daddy, your boy has grown up and you are going to do anything he says, whenever he says it." He slipped a big bare foot under my face and growled, "Lick that you motherfucker. This time you are gonna do what I say. You're gonna drink my piss and kiss my ass, old Dad."

While he had made it clear his charge for services were for only a 'couple of hours' he demanded to know where the bedroom was and took me there. He ordered me to find some rope. All I could produce was a new roll of cotton clothesline from the porch. He tied me spread eagle on the bed, face up so I could drink his piss and eat his ass. He bound my balls tightly and pulled them up as far as he could, then tied the other end of the rope to the bed-frame. That is the way I spent the night while he made himself at home, drinking all the beer in the refrigerator (which I redrank through the night) and playing the stereo.

"You don't like my music, do you Dad?" he asked. I didn't, but I would have shook my head anyway since he seemed to want a negative answer. He put earphones on me and I became an unwilling front-row listener. After that it was hard to hear what he was saying but by reading his lips and hearing a little I could get the gist of his questions.

"Remember when you whipped me for smoking?" he asked, blowing his smoke in my face. He then sat on

that face and worked patiently at burning the hair off my groin with his (my) cigarettes. I ate his ass as directed. He whipped my thighs and the soles of my feet with his belt for awhile, talking to me as the father he resented and was getting even with.

Whenever he felt the urge I got another load of recycled beer, until I couldn't hold it much longer. I asked to go to the bathroom and he reminded me of "the times he got whipped for wetting the bed."

"Now let's see you wet it, Dad, then you can tell me how much of a whipping you are going to get."

I had to relieve myself, which I did by the gallon all over myself. And that is how I spent the night, laying tied spreadeagle in a puddle of piss while my newfound 'son' amused himself. Finally he squatted over me and beat his meat in my face.

"Look, Dad, I'm playing with my-

self. You used to punish me for that too. You going to take it all when it comes, Daddy?" No need to ask since there was nothing else I could do with it or about it.

When he untied me he told me to go clean up the bed and myself, then told me he would be staying for breakfast, which I was to fix. When he finally left, he refused the money for payment and said he'd be back. I went on to work and thought all day about him and the night's experiences. I'd probably never see him again.

I was wrong. He was back the next evening, demanding as ever and so much of a turn on that, when he announced he was moving in, I was excited.

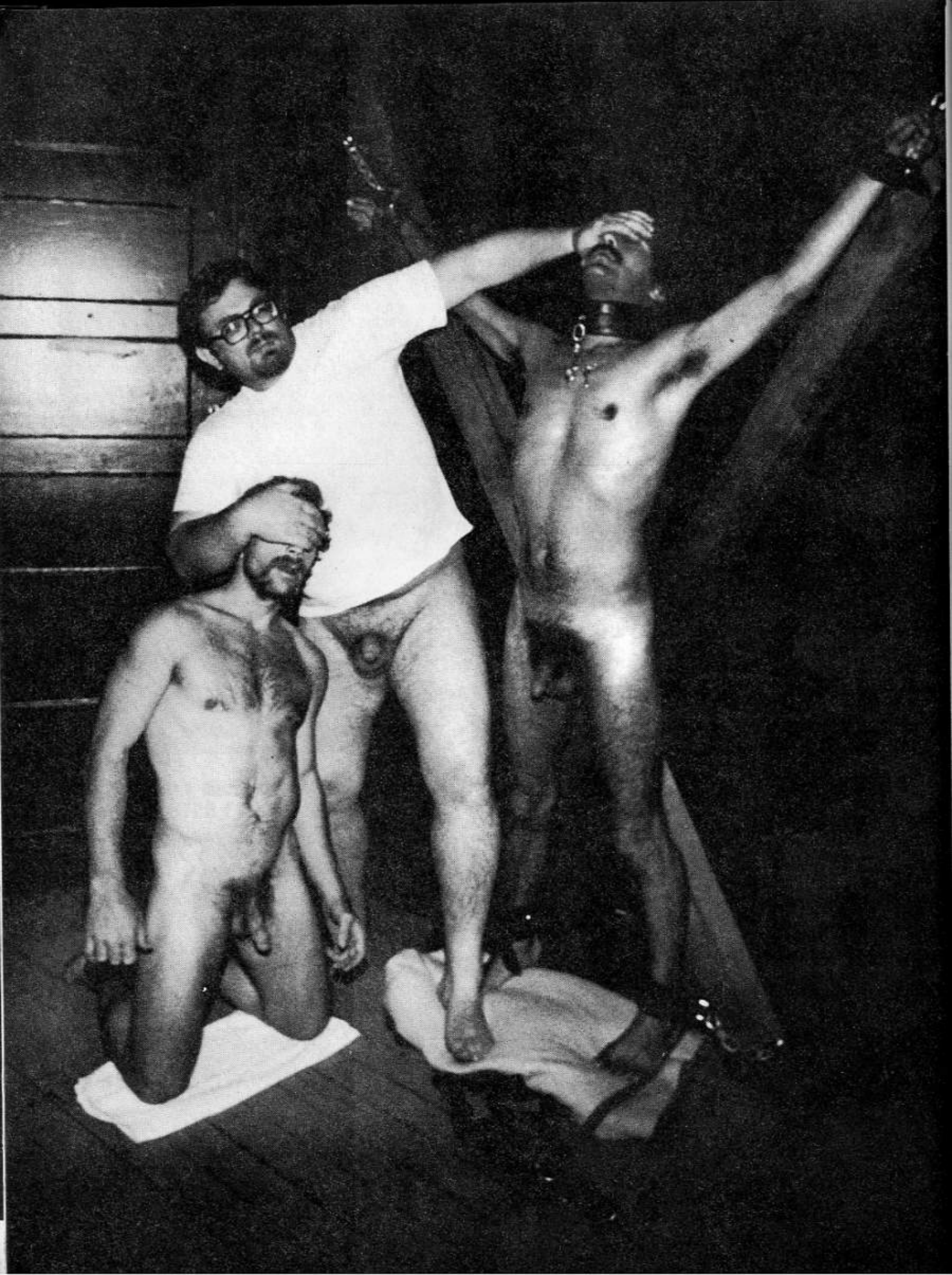
He calls me Dad and I call him by his name. He is a firm taskmaster for one so young, just as he said his real father was. It is probably the second

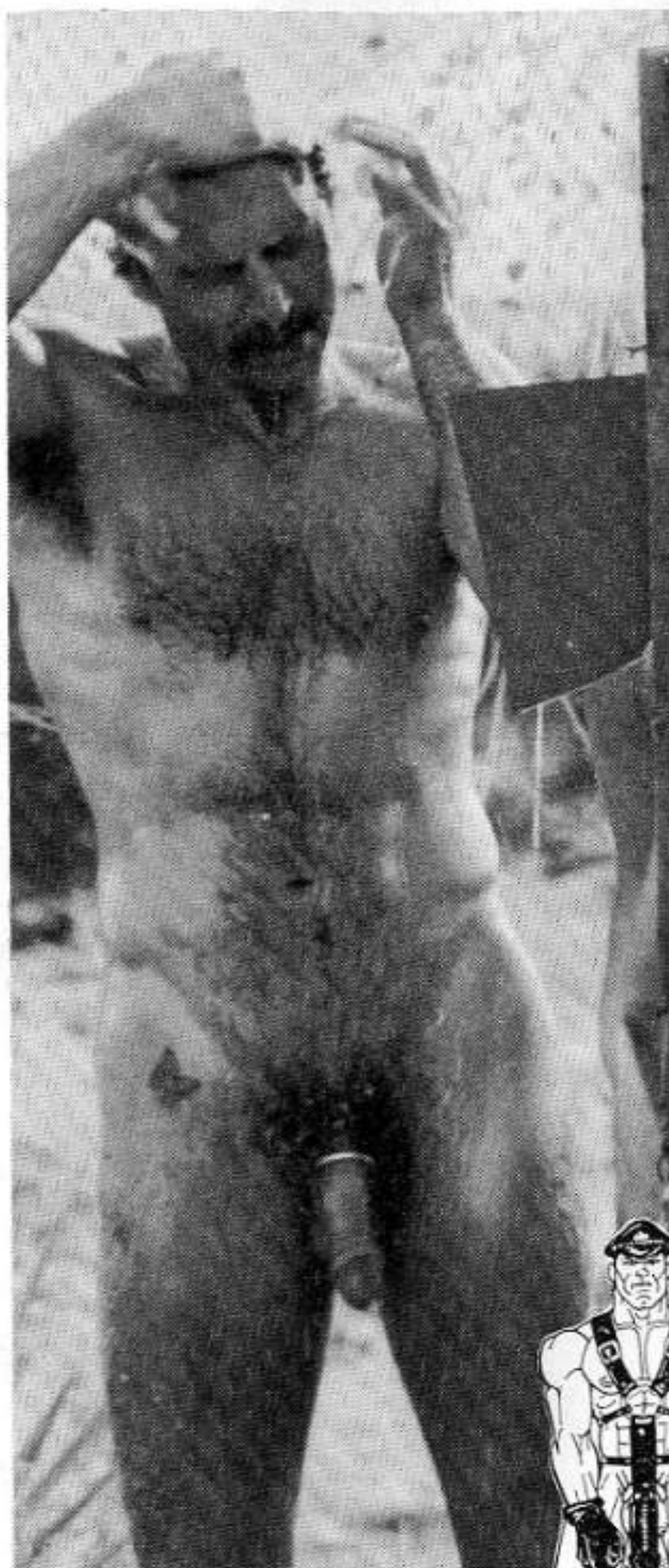
father he is trying to get even with, or maybe not since both his natural and his stepfather seemed to have rejected him, in his mind.

He gave up hustling and I turn over my paycheck to him. He is a natural manager. When we need a little extra money, he makes a call and I have to go out to service one of his former clients. I am a little older than they are expecting but, with my enforced gym membership and the home workouts, I am in the best shape I have ever been in. I do whatever the guys want and bring the money home to him. He insists that I give him every detail of what I have to do to satisfy these men, then usually he makes me do the same for him.

Being a surrogate father is a lot of effort but, when I look at the end product, it is worth every minute of it.





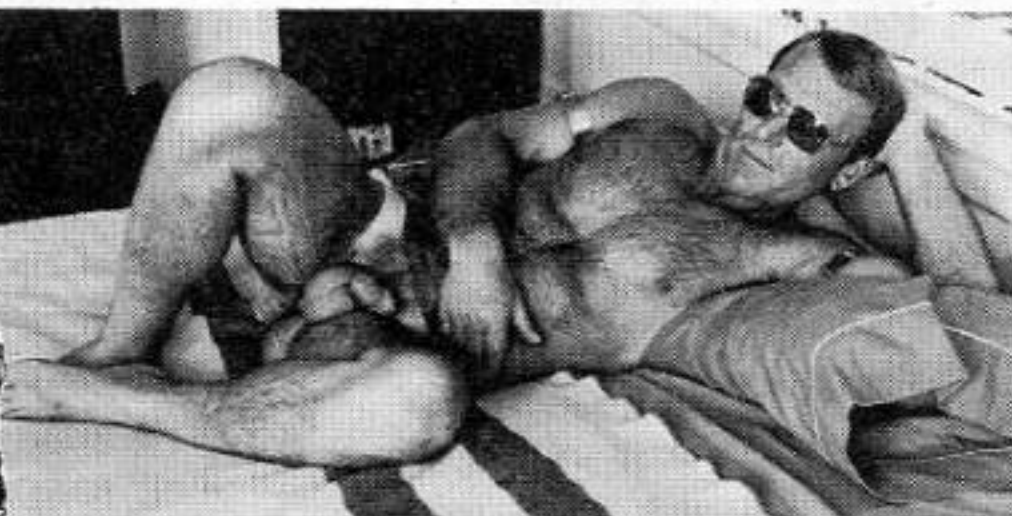


DRUMMER DADDIES

**ARE YOU ONE... OR ARE
YOU LOOKING FOR ONE?**

The Older Men phenomenon has drawn more mail than anything DRUMMER has ever published and there seems to be no end in sight! It is a continuing feature of the magazine each month and there is a good chance that DRUMMER DADDIES II could appear before too long. Get aboard and tell us what you are looking for or what you have found. What have you to lose? There is someone out there waiting to hear about you. We'll forward any mail addressed to any contributor to this feature. From then on you are on your own. LOOK FOR THE DRUMMER DADDIES feature each issue in the months to come. It could be the beginning of a dream come true.

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WINE
WHITE
ROSE
SPRITZER
SOFT DRINKS
CALISTOGA WATER
COKE
7 UP
DIET PEPSI

Photo courtesy CLOSE UP PRODUCTIONS

Case History Number Fourteen

BRAD: THE PERFECT DADDY

My Dad would be a male, 30+, a Taurus, about 6-foot, any race or any like composite. I am a 39+ male, a Taurus-bull, 5 ft. 5 inches, a Caucasian, with a rather haughty and independent personality.

My expectation for Dad would be based on his power and control against my powerlessness and lack of control. Dad should expect me to get up early, prepare his breakfast, humbly serve it before he goes to work each morning, then care for the house and yard or also go to work.

Discipline must be the key to the Dad-son relationship; this discipline needs to be based upon respect, clear instructions, considerate demands and consistent punishment for bad behavior.

If I oversleep, if I fail to get breakfast ready on time, if I serve cold coffee, Dad's discipline would demand of me: 1) my humble confession to him that very night, 2) my humble request for my punishment, and 3) after Dad's punishment, I must offer my humble thanks for his correction and his interest, with the promise not to repeat such misconduct in the future. My understanding would be that Dad would be strict; I would know ahead of time that Dad would not accept excuses.

Knowing his discipline, I would bring along his strap from his bedroom when I report for my punishment that night. I would be wearing only my underpants because I know I would have to strip them off for a bare-ass whipping. I would save my crying, whining and sobbing for another time. I would carefully listen to his commands, to his "sermon" and closely follow his actions. I would learn from the power of his strap and not misbehave again; however, I am not perfect and may fail in some other misconduct at another time.

Dad would be strong, I might be expect discipline. If I was disrespectful or disobedient, I would be

punished.

An old-fashioned dad would not just give me a "sermon" to make his son good in the future. If I disobeyed him, Dad would shout, "It's time to get to the woodshed; you shuck off your jeans and drawers 'cause I'm going to give you a bare-ass strapping you'll never forget!"

With the demand for discipline, there is the demand for punishment. I would expect corporal punishment. Before my misconduct, I know that Dad will use his wide, leather strap across my bare, white ass as a punishment for my offenses. If I misbehave in front of his visitors, I know Dad would whip me right in front of them and not wait for them to go home. If I failed to say "Yes, Sir" or "No, Sir" to the visitors, Dad would hand that person the strap and tell him, "Whip that boy's ass good for such disrespect!"

Demands for discipline also have love, care and respect. My positive behavior would win joy in the relationship, but I know that punishment too can be an expression of love, care and respect. So each strapping would be laced with Dad's sense of duty towards me and my duty towards Dad. His woodshed strappings need not be considered all negative. With consistently good behavior, Dad would give love and care; bad behavior would merit his use of power, authority and control. There is a parallel, a balance. Good conduct, happiness— bad conduct, whipping.

Nothing I write here is new; it is all historical. Psychology has changed corporal punishment into "talk punishment." The offender is preached to. If bad conduct is done by a *physical* action, it should be corrected by a *physical* punishment. So the father-son woodshed whipping is weak. Dad would be right, I might be wrong. I would respect his authority. I always expect to answer him with a "Yes, Sir" or a "No, Sir." I would

not a "talk punishment" but a *physical* punishment for correction. Physiology replaces psychology.

Undoubtedly, Dad will have his own faults, but the son does not correct the father as the slave does not correct his Master.

With a month of good disciplining and training from Dad, I should become a good son. I might show disrespect and earn the strap. I might lack good manners and need to report for a bare-ass whipping. I might disobey an order and get sent to the woodshed. I might break a dish in the presence of a visitor and need to strip naked to receive my punishment in front of him, but my fiery red ass would learn from the strap and from Dad. I'd be a good son if I saw the strap every day, if I knew Dad would take no excuses or nonsense from me.

I clearly see the adventure in *Drummer* towards Daddies and Daddies Boys as a cry for a "family-type relationship" with less emphasis on the "beauty contest" of Mr. Leatherman, Mr. Drummer, etc.

For me, the "D" in Dad has direct relationship to the "D" in discipline. I see discipline as having direct relationship to punishment; only after we bring back corporal punishment will society begin to have control of crime. Corporal punishment starts in the home; it is a function and duty of Dad to correct his son early, with a good whipping. "The woodshed" is not a state of mind but a *place*; let the "family room" be today's woodshed as a place for punishment— *corporal* punishment. Let Dad say, "Get the Western belt from my closet and get to the family room. I'm going to give you a good old-fashioned bare-ass whipping that you'll never forget." Son will respond, strip down his jockey shorts and get his white bare ass tanned to coppertone. Let him respect Dad and respect his strap! That's me as son and my look at Dad.

Case History Number Fifteen JERRY: CAMPING WITH DAD

From the earliest that I can remember, I have always had a hard on for my father. The very first erection that I can remember was while he was playing pony with me. He would place his booted foot between my legs and bounce me up and down. To this day I still get a hard on thinking about that dirty leather logging boot hitting my crotch.

My father was young when I was born. When I was twelve he was only twenty-seven. He was from a long line of loggers developed from the Welsh and Germans of the northern states. As a kid, he towered over me like one of the big trees he cut down. His body was very hairy, his chest large and bone structure huge. The smell of pine was always with him.

It was a very hot summer day 19 years ago. We left the truck on a side dirt road in the upper wilds of Wisconsin. There they call them fire lanes. We marched for hours through the woods and underbrush. Dad led the way as he always did. I hurried to keep up with his long steady stride. He never stopped for me, no matter how old I was. I was expected to forge ahead and without a whimper or tear. Boys and men did not cry. My eyes would focus on Dad's rounded ass watching the sweat mark appear in the crack of his tight fitting work pants. I knew I admired him and would even try to sneak a peek at his long soft dick as he took a piss. It was how he shook his dick after a good piss that got me started playing with my own small dick.

Even with the long days of summer it was dark by the time we had made camp and had our supper. It was a warm night; Dad opened a can of beer, took off his shirt and settled down in front of the dying fire using a log as a back rest. I sat across from him. He crossed his booted feet at the ankles. The shadows from the red hot coals bouncing off the soles of his size 11 logger boots played a magical game to my eyes. The shadows would dance up and down his legs. My eyes could not move from watching this game. First the boots, then up to the crotch. His tight pants stretched over his muscular legs.

He must have noticed me staring at his body. He started to rub himself and talk of all the girls that he had fucked. How they would beg for more and then call him "Kingfish." God, I remember my mouth was dry, the night chills were running up and down my arms and my little cock was rock hard. The more Dad drank the more he talked, and the more he talked the more he would rub his crotch. I could tell his crotch was

growing. His cock was hard as a rock.

I remember standing up and walking towards the tent when Dad grabbed my arm and yanked me to the ground, forcing my trembling hand over his cloth-bound cock. "Feel a man's cock," ordered my father. He took my hand and ran it the whole length of his hard man-cock. As soon as he released my hand to get another beer, I removed it as fast as I could. I had never seen my father act this way, let alone talk in such a rough manner. As soon as I removed my hand I felt the back of his hand hard against my face. He screamed to me that if I ever disobeyed him again I would get a lashing I would never forget. He grabbed my arm and placed my hand on his swollen cock. He told me right then and there that he was going to teach me how to service a real man before the camping trip was over.

He slowly unzipped his fly, exposing his hard cock. It came out of his pants like a coiled rattlesnake ready to strike. Sticking out straight in front of his massive body. He ordered me to strip and then to lay over his right leg with my face near his cock. It was like I was a five-year-old child again, playing pony. I could feel the cold rough leather on my naked crotch, the boot laces digging into my soft flesh. My face could feel the heat from his large cock. He ordered me to watch a man's cock, how the skin moved up and over the big red head. "Boy, look how that piss chute opens and closes as I pull on my skin." My nose could smell his man sweat that was mixed with stale piss and pre-cum.

Then the big order came. "Kiss your daddy's cock."

When I didn't respond I felt his boot on my balls and cock, inching me forward closer and closer to the tip of his cock until my lips were brushing the large head. I could feel the sticky fluid that was coming out of his piss chute on my clenched lips. I puckered my lips, shut my eyes and gave Dad's dick a quick kiss.

With a swift yank of his booted foot in my crotch I opened my mouth to suck in air. At that moment Dad's cock entered my mouth. I gagged and tried to get the big thing out of my small boy mouth. Dad had his massive arms around my neck, forcing my mouth farther down on his big tool. When my teeth scraped his tender cock, he let me have it with his boot. "Use your God Damn tongue," he screamed at the top of his voice. Only the birds and trees heard my muffled screams.

With one hand he held my head in

place as he force fucked my virgin mouth. With each and every plunge of his cock into my mouth I felt his boot move on my hard and now sore dick. It wasn't long before I shot my load on Dad's logger boot. Shortly after that I got my first taste of my dad's come. I choked and tried to spit it out but Dad held me in place until I swallowed every drop of his spunk.

After he came he kicked me off his leg using his free boot. It didn't take him long to notice the kid's come all over his boot. Dad grabbed me and by the scruff of my neck forced my face onto his dirty boot. "Lick that shit off, boy," he demanded. That night I learned to suck cock and to lick boots.

The next winter my mother died trying to give birth to my baby brother. The next eight years were spent servicing my dad and his boots. He really turned me into a boot-licking, cocksucking, piss-drinking logger slave.

The year I entered college Dad and I had our last camping trip together. After three nights of having his boots tied to my nuts I was told that this would be our last trip together. Tears formed in my eyes as he told me it was time for me to find my own son. My dad and master left this earth two years later.

Case History Number Sixteen KARL: TRAINED TO SERVE

The only problem I have now is that Dad trained me to service, not to be serviced. I long for the taste of the cold dirty leather of a man's boot on my lips, the feel of a hot stream of golden piss and a cock down my throat.

I need men who like to be serviced and their boots cleaned. I will lick and clean any type of boot, suck a man's cock until he wants no more and drink as much piss as he can give. I am not into the heavy trip of S/M, just the humiliation. I ask for nothing in return. My fantasy is to lick the dirt off of a cop's boots.

I follow in my father's footsteps. I am 6'3" tall, W/M, 185 lbs., hairy body, 46" chest and 34" waist.

I really need a dad.

K.O.
Columbus, OH



Case History Number Seventeen EARL: TURNING DAD ON TO LEATHER

One time, I charged my mother with never having talked to me about sex. Her entire effort in that direction had been to say to me, regarding the James Bond books I was reading at age thirteen, "Do you understand what you're reading?" and to accept my affirmative nod.

"That was your father's job," she said. "But he's shy. I guess his father was shy with him. Besides," she continued, "we did inform you about sex. Sometimes you showered with your father, slept in the same bed with him, even went on vacations alone with him." That was supposed to teach me about sex? Well, it did. About the male sex.

My father, who is quite handsome, is hairy all over, and a Scorpio, very sexual. He wears pajamas that close by means of a rope belt, no buttons or snaps. The cloth, which is slit, slides open along the belt to make a fly. It was my job to wake my parents in the morning, and I would come into their room and always find the covers on my father's side of the bed askew, his pajamas open along the rope, and his thick cock with its wide head and very large balls, hanging out. Only once did I see him with an erection, though. But because of these memories, the sight of a non-erect cock has remained an erotic image for me.

If my mother was away visiting relatives, I got to sleep in my father's bed. Those times at home and the times we vacationed together, I got to touch his cock when he was asleep. At least one time I put my mouth over the head. If he knew, if he wasn't fully asleep, he was probably too freaked to say anything.

Of course, I would have an erection most of the time I was in bed with him and sometimes, when he was asleep, I would contrive to maneuver my cock into his hand. Several times he awoke to find it there. He would withdraw his hand, scowl and say, "Go to sleep," and never mention it in the morning. But I suspect he was less than surprised when he learned I was gay.

As I said, I didn't feel my parents prepared me for sexuality, for the body changes at adolescence. I needed assurance that everything was as it should be. I determined that my father should see me with an erection in broad daylight.

He and I had been to the beach and no one else was at home when

we returned. After I showered, I told him I felt a pain. "Where?" he asked, and I pointed to my crotch through my shorts. He asked if I had lifted anything heavy and when I said no, said, "It's nothing. It'll go away," and left the room. I took off my shorts and called into the other room to him, saying that it really hurt and would he please come back and look to see if anything was wrong. A real seduction number. He resisted, but finally gave in at my insistence and came inside to find me fully aroused.

"That's some erection," he whistled, and got embarrassed and got me embarrassed and then he went away. I don't know what I thought he'd do, but I certainly got my acknowledgement. I felt, though, almost as if I'd had a proposition rejected. I buried that scene away, out of shame, for over a dozen years until it came out during a therapy session. Now, far from feeling guilt over it, I treasure it as one of the most sexually potent scenes in my memory and have frequently built fantasies on it and on these other recollections. I wove this fabrication about Dad:

What to get Father for Father's Day? This always presents a problem. It presented a problem when we lived under the same roof and I was attuned to his every need and nuance. From San Francisco to New York, the view was that much hazier and Father the reality had long since stepped aside to make way for Father the fantasy.

By Father's Day '81, I was all tied and walleted and coffee-table booked out and hadn't the foggiest notion what to get him. The Japanese silk billfold adorned with a cat batting a beetle and the book of photographs of silent film actresses that were his Chanukah gifts, and the tasteful blue-and-silver striped necktie I sent on his birthday signaled the limits of my imagination vis-a-vis his desires.

I hunted the perfect shirt in All-American Boy. I scouted the appropriate book up one aisle and down the other of Paperback Traffic. Nothing. Rien. Niente. Nada. Zilch. Not a thing gave me pause. No red lights and sparklers flashed "this is it." I contemplated my navel and something caught my eye. My belt. My black leather belt with its shiny rectangular studs lining the rim and framing the elongated oval studs, and the heavy

buckle sporting sharp pyramid-shaped studs.

I snorted derisively and loudly enough for heads in the bookstore to turn. A belt like this is what he needed? For sure he didn't already have one. That's what I needed him to need? Give the gift you'd like to receive, no?

Back home on Waller, down the hill from Buena Vista Park, I made a quick call to New York.

"Mom, what's Dad's waist size?"

"Aw, don't spend any money. We appreciate the lovely things you send, but we know you don't have much money. Please don't fuss for Father's Day. Your Dad'll understand."

"Mom," I responded, peevishly, pleadingly. It took another fifteen minutes of my wheedling and her protesting to extract the information that my father took a size 34. I bolted for Polk Street, my destination Leather Forever where, with a minimum of fuss and bother, I found the mate to my own instrument of torture.

Dad phoned several days after June 21.

"That was some, uh, jazzy belt," he said haltingly. "You shouldn't have spent so much money." His tone told me the gift was well-taken.

"I hope you'll wear it."

"I already have. Mother sent me out to walk the dog after dinner yesterday and I was wearing it. Everybody noticed it. Mrs. Hansen said that Wayne should have gotten his father something like that instead of underwear and socks. And Mr. Green said it would make a great weapon if someone tried to hit me."

"I'm glad you like it," I beamed cross country.

I was relieved. The next few occasions would be a breeze. Naphtali's birthday came early in September and Aunt Rachel's in mid-October. I knew their tastes as well as I know my own. I could get my friend the latest gay novel and my aunt the next Sutherland or Horne recording and know that my choices would hit home. I wouldn't have to think of a thing for either Dad or Mother until their wedding anniversary.

I usually give my parents separate but equal anniversary presents. Perhaps a pendant for her and cufflinks for him. I was down at the Embarcadero the Sunday three weeks before their anniversary and a ruby ceramic chai, the life symbol, on a copper chain caught my eye at one of the vendor's carts. Just the thing for Mom, I decided. As usual, picking something out for Dad was a problem. The indulgent doting parent of my youth, schlepping me to Rockaway Beach, to the Bronx Zoo to see the bears, and to the country to see leaves turning colors, faded to the graying businessman of my adoles-

cence, collapsing in his easy chair and keeping his distance, and finally became the hazy figure of today, puzzling out a way to deal with his grown gay son a continent away. As the four times my age that he had been at forty shrank to twice my age as I neared thirty, I reasoned that indeed were I to give him what I would want, I wouldn't be too far off the mark. As a counterpart to her chai, he got a leather armband studded with little spikes and stars.

My parents called to relay their thanks. Everyone at the synagogue's Sisterhood organization meeting had admired Mom's chai. Then Dad got on the phone.

"Well, did you like it?" I queried.

"Oh, yeah. Very handsome. At first I thought it was a watchband but I didn't see a place to attach my Timex."

"No, it's just ornamental. Men's jewelry," I said, anticipating defensiveness. "All the guys out here are wearing them. Enjoy it."

Dad's birthday was around the corner and my fevered cerebrum was working overtime. There was no dithering around about my intentions now. I headed for Polk Street. I was creating my father in my own image. I charged the \$50 black leather vest, size 40, that I'd be shipping to New York, and got some gloves for myself. At the last minute I added a leather keychain to my purchases.

On the day itself I telephoned with my good wishes. The package had arrived two days earlier.

"That must have cost you a fortune. You shouldn't have," Dad said.

"Don't worry about it. The main thing is, do you like it?"

"It's really something. But for a man of my age..." His words trailed off.

"Nonsense. Any age can play. Wear it in good health," I said. "Did you find the keychain?"

Yes. But Mother gave me a keychain with a wallet for our anniversary and I've been using that," he said.

"It must make such a bulge in your pocket. Most guys here are wearing their keys outside their pants. Just slide it along your belt and let your keys dangle near your left-hand pants pocket," I suggested.

"But I'm right-handed," he protested.

"No matter," I ruled.

"Such a to-do. But if that's how they're doing it, okay. Why shouldn't I be in style?" he laughed.

At Chanukah a fat check came from New York. Mom was on a Pavarotti kick and gifts to her, bought at the Gramophone on Polk, were her *I Pagliacci* and *Cavalleria Rusticana* recordings and two of his recitals. For Dad, I went further up the block and splurged on a pair of high black leather boots, size 9.

Mom phoned the night of the second Chanukah candle. I could hear "No, Pagliaccio non son" in the background. "He sounds so gorgeous," she cooed. "You shouldn't have spent so much money." She continued, "You're making your father into some fashion plate. The ladies won't let him alone when we go into Key Food."

"He's wearing the boots?"

"Oh, yes. It's been so cold here. Are they waterproof?"

"I'm not sure. I don't think they are," I ventured.

"Then maybe he shouldn't wear them right now," she said. "He should save them for when he gets dressed up."

"Please. Let him enjoy them now and wear them well."

Mom's birthday and Mother's Day were the next high holidays and a Kliban cat calendar, Pavarotti's *My Own Story*, and assorted chatchkes were duly dispatched. My birthday followed and was marked by receipts of gifts of gelt from New York and a macrame plant hanger from Naphtali. The date served as a warning that before I blinked it would be Father's Day again. And this year I was celebrating with a visit to New York. I did my shopping in the environs of Christopher Street and made two purchases for Dad. One was a motorcycle cap, size 6 7/8 from the Marquis de Suede. The Pleasure Chest afforded me my second selection.

I finally got to see my father in his full finery. When he added the new cap, my knees turned to liquid. I led him into another room, away from the festivities.

"You look really terrific," I said, conscious of the effort it took to steady my voice.

"Are you sure all this is me? How many cows did they have to kill so I could parade around like this? You know," he confided, "your mother reaches for the Anacin every time I start clanking."

"You look perfect, Pop." I retrieved the other package. "I bought you something else. I didn't want to give it to you in front of everybody."

"It's something dirty?"

"No. Not really." I planted my feet firmly and resolutely launched into my routine. "Remember, a long time ago, when I was naughty you sometimes used to turn me over your knee and spank me?" I pulled open the bag and began to withdraw the object it concealed.

Dad drew back defensively. I think he thought I was going to hit him. "Well, sure, if you really deserved it. All parents sometimes..."

I cut him off, my voice a whisper, my eyes gleaming. "I've been bad again, Daddy." I handed him the black wooden paddle and bent over his knee.





Case History Number Eighteen ROBERT: HOW TO BE A SON

When I walk into our local leather bar, heads turn. At 6'4" I stand above most of the crowd and, with the exception of conversations with a few friends, I stay aloof from it too. For though I feel at home in a leather bar, I'm not a part of a cruising scene looking for one night stands. My dark hair is cut short, as is my beard—which carries in it the strands of silver that show as my badges of experience. I've been around long enough to know what I want—and long enough to know that second best is bullshit. And what I want is my own son/slave.

The son I want has to be subservient from the start. I have no interest in playing games to establish dominance. Game playing is not where my head is at. Like any son up for adoption he has to be ready to jump when opportunity knocks. There is no time for long indecision. When Daddy calls, it's time to run! Swift spankings come when Daddy is pissed, but when Daddy is happy a big thick cock is ready to reward his son in every hole he's got. Daddy has a lot of experience to draw from to teach his son how to please a man—and how to be a proper and respectful slave when Daddy wants to be his master.

At 32 I'm still a young *Drummer* Daddy and my son can expect to live out

many years at home. The son I'm looking for has to be in his early 20's so that he's had no time to pick up any bad habits that I'll need to break him of. He needs to be slim, yet masculine. Any even slight feminine characteristics will be broken out of him. A love of bondage is a must—as is the quiet knowledge that *nothing* is withheld from Daddy/Master. I get anything I want—when I want it.

The son/slave who becomes mine will have a great life ahead of him. For even as I become the most important force in his life, he will become the most important thing in mine. We will be 20th century versions of the lovers of ancient Greece.

Anyone as serious about what they want as I am about what I want is invited to get in touch. But be advised that I'm not into writing a long series of fantasy letters for little boys without balls to beat off to. If you aren't for real, don't bother! I despise prick-teases and will answer all letters, if only to advise the writers to look elsewhere.

You run one hell of a magazine. Keep up the superior work!

Robert H.
St. Petersburg, FL



Photo: JIM MOSS

Case History Number Nineteen CASEY: HOW TO BE A DAD

I have been into your fine magazine for the past four issues and am so excited over your *Drummer Daddies* campaign. I hope sincerely that you, your great magazine, and this letter can help me in my search for the dominant Daddy I so desperately need.

And so I offer myself for consideration to all searching Daddies: I am a young *man*, I should point out, not a boy, although I still possess enough boyish attitudes and insecurities that my Daddy may want to work at ridding me of. I am sexy, with a nice body that is a good foundation for being toned and built into just the body my Daddy would want. I am a Virgo, just turned 28 yrs. I am Kansas born and raised, with that unaffected midwestern attitude many men find so pleasing. I am sensitive, sincere, honest, loyal, trusting, trustworthy and, most of all, loving. I need a Daddy who is firm, demanding, controlling, but also loving. I am slightly under 6' tall, weigh 170# but capable of trimming down to 160# with swimming and bike riding, which I love. I have brown hair and eyes. I love photography, movies, restaurants, the beach, and being told

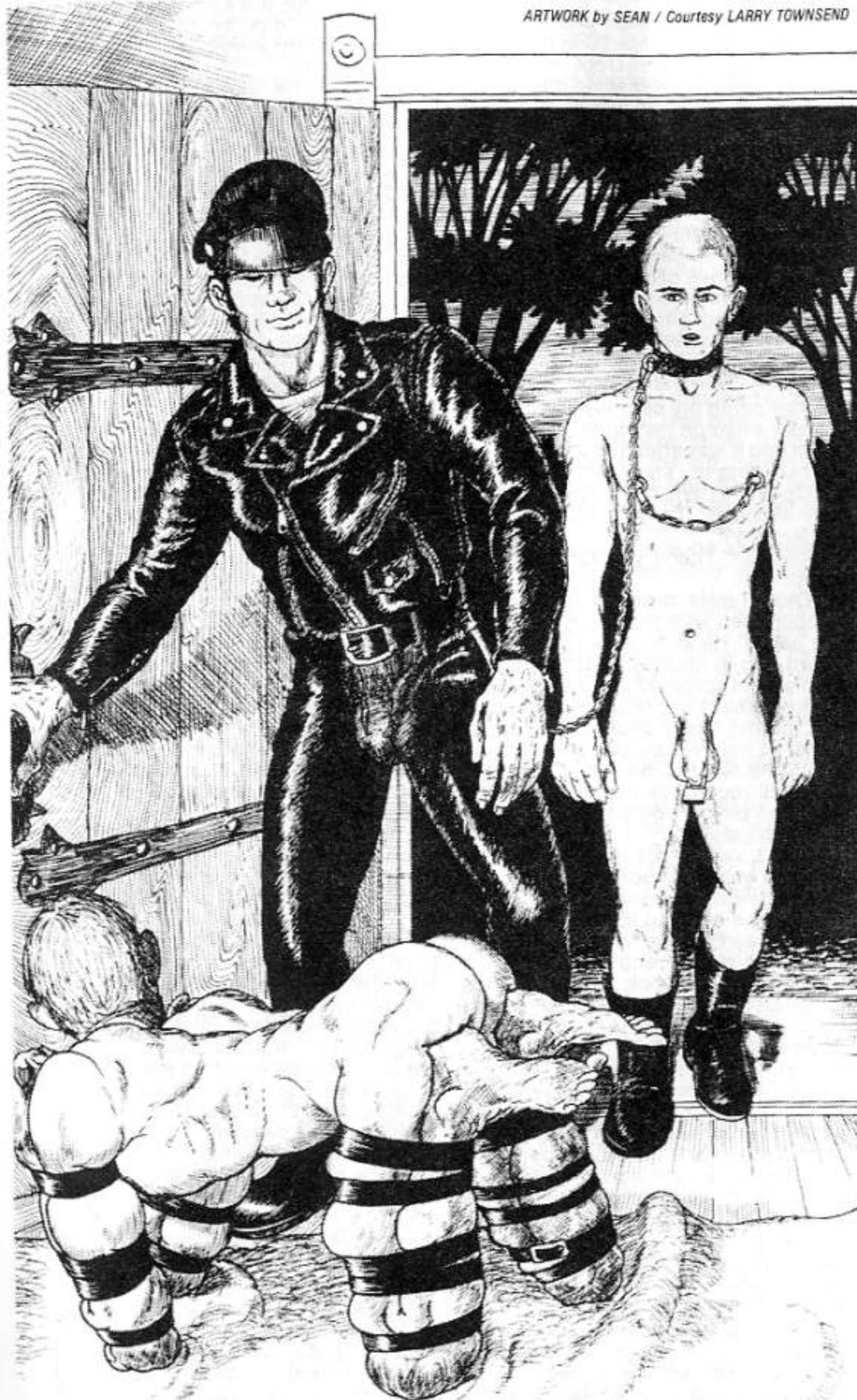
what to do and when. I guess I am what you would call 'raw material,' having never been bound, tied, roped, pierced, whipped, spanked, pissed on, shaved, or punished-humiliated. I am ready to give myself completely to the right Daddy. I will serve him without question and my body, mind and soul will belong to him, as I need his training, guidance, control.

The Daddy I seek is 45 years plus, a big man, big built, muscular or hefty but not obese, over 6' and over 180#, perhaps a Scorpio or Capricorn, hairy chested (hopefully), grey (greying) or salt-and-pepper hair. Bald or balding is also a turnon. And well hung, of course. He should be secure in his person, know who he is, where he is going, and what he wants. He should enjoy dominating his son/slave in leather and uniforms, and hopefully not be a tobacco smoker. He is looking for the man he needs to turn him on, take him over and make him the best he can possibly be. I will come to him, wherever he is.

Casey B
Topeka, KS

A TATTOO FOR FATHER'S DAY

ARTWORK by SEAN / Courtesy LARRY TOWNSEND



THANK GOD! I thought to myself when I finally heard my dad get out of bed to answer an early morning phone call. Perhaps now he will come down to the basement and release me. We had spent hours the night before in a really rough session and, when he had tired of the sport, he simply left me hanging by my wrists, spread-eagled with my toes barely touching the floor. That is how I spent the night. There wasn't much sleep to be had.

He left his jockstrap in my mouth as a gag "so you won't disturb me," he said as he split. "Here, this will keep your ass nice and warm for me." He held a large dildo in front of my face, then forced it up my ass and locked it in place with a strap that runs from my cock and balls up the crack to a belt around my waist.

"And if you get bored just hanging around all night, you can practice swinging my hiking boots that I'm going to tie by their laces to your balls."

I did manage to doze off a couple of times during the night, but the constant ache through my shoulders to my balls and ass—not to mention the various pains from the session precluded any thought of getting much rest.

Finally morning came and now he was standing in front of me. "And how are we this morning? Have we learned anything about remembering to call our Dad 'Sir,' or about thanking our Dad for the attention he gives us?"

With my gag all I could do was nod my head and give him an earnest look with my tear-stained (and bloodshot eyes).

"That's a good boy. Now let's get you down so you can fix my breakfast." He unfastened my wrists and let me crash onto the floor with my legs still fastened spreadeagle. It was such a relief to get the weight off my balls, was my first thought. I could feel the circulation coming back into my arms and, by the time my feet were freed, I could move them somewhat. When he yanked the dildo from my ass, I thought my guts were going to come with it. I signaled that I had to go to the john.



"Ha! You drank a lot of Dad's piss last night, didn't you, boy? And you enjoyed it? That's good. Okay, you can go. Here, give me that damned gag. Put your boots back on and get my breakfast. And be quick about it too, cocksucker, or I'll hang you up for the whole day."

I hobbled over to the toilet and just made it prior to pissing on the floor. I have never pissed so much in my life! I squatted there thinking about how long it had been since I had stood and pissed like a man. It had been six or seven months ago that he pierced my foreskin and installed this lock. He takes it off regularly to let me clean under the fold, but never to piss. I guess not being able to stand and do it like other men is all part of the training. I tried doing it standing up once, but I sprayed all over the place and it ran down my shaved slave legs.

I had served my dad his breakfast and was in the kitchen having mine (standing, rather than squatting on the floor, for a change), when he called to me. I came running.

"Come in here and bring your dish!"

I went back for my plate. I squatted at his feet, placing the plate on the floor. He was in his robe and barefoot. As I expected, he put his bare foot in my scrambled eggs. I could smell his coffee. If I was lucky, I would get it second-hand to wash down my eggs and untoasted bread. He ran a hand over my ass to check the welts there.

"That call this morning was from a friend across the bay. He's having a party tonight to celebrate his new playroom. Karl's going to be there with his lover that does tattooing. He is bringing all his equipment and is giving some of the guys tattoos. And Bobby—you remember Bobby? The big guy from New York?"

"Yes, Sir. Isn't he the one that Lenny used to belong to?"

"That's him, boy. He's coming out from the East for a few weeks and he has his new boy with him. He's also bringing another real wild 'm' with him. Anyway, this friend is giving a party and asked if I wanted to come and bring you."

It was not a question and the decision was his, of course. I was busy licking the egg off his foot and from between his toes. It seemed the subject was closed. I finished and started to get up to clear his dishes along with my plate. He caught my head half-way up and pushed me toward his crotch. I had his coffee and drank every drop. I licked the end of the big faucet and then looked up to thank him. He snapped his fingers and I cleared the dishes and then climbed into the bathtub. My tight muscles and strained joints relaxed almost immediately. I had almost fallen asleep when he poured cold water over me and made me stand up in the tub and drip dry.

After doing my chores I was allowed to take a nap on my pallet in the basement and it was after five when I felt my dad shaking my shoulder.

"Up and at 'em! It's supertime, you lazy asshole!" Then quietly, "Feeling better, boy?"

"Yes, Sir. Thank you for letting me sleep, Sir."

"Okay, russle up something good for supper, then we'll drive into the city to the party." He went up the stairs and I heard him in his den, watching television while I prepared our meal. I wasn't sure whether I was to set two places or just his and finally decided it would be better to only set the one and wait and see. If he wanted me to eat with him, he'd call me in. He didn't. I ate in the kitchen from my dog dish, while standing at the stove.

After I served him his dessert and coffee, I went outside to the cold water shower he had hooked up for me. Sometimes he liked to hose me down but he wasn't in the mood tonight. He came out shortly and tossed me the key to my cocklock. "Clean it real good. Use the fingernail brush on the head. I want it to shine. Get your feet good and clean, too."

I don't always get to take off my boots. Sometimes I have to keep them on for a week at a time. Like last night when he removed them to beat the soles of my feet. He stood there and watched while I showered. When I finished, he relocked my cocklock, took the key and left me standing to drip dry. During the time this takes, he went back in to clean up and dress himself. I waited until he finished showering, then went in to dry him.

"What do you want me to wear tonight, sir?" I asked. He kept my clothes locked up at all times.

"You can wear your boots. You won't need anything else."

"Yes, sir." So he was making me

drive to San Francisco and across town in the nude. I was always afraid that I would have an accident or that the toll collector at the bridge would call a cop. So far, I'd been lucky. The last toll-taker had tried to pick me up. I hoped he be the one there tonight.

I gave my boots a final polish and lick and he gave my ass a sharp backhand, then a pat. "Come on, boy," he said, and I dutifully followed, turning out the light as we left.

He drove the jeep and, when that happens, I sit on the floor between the mats. His dog sits on the passenger's seat but, dog or no dog, I sit on the floor.

We pulled into his friend's drive around nine. There were a lot of cars already there, and about an equal number of bikes. My dad was in studded black leather gear from head to foot. He really didn't like it any more than I did, although he looked sexy as all hell in it. But, like he said, "If you're invited to a diplomatic ball, you wear white tie and tails. At a leather party you wear leather, dammit."

I was wearing my boots, cocklock, nipple rings (with connecting chain) and a dog collar. Completely nude otherwise, except for the hair on my head. My master had removed the rest long ago. The pubic hair was permanently gone as the result of his newfound talents with electrolysis equipment. He'd been threatening to use it elsewhere—like my underarms or, someday, my head. This he kept so short anyway it really wouldn't have been much of a change.

He attached a leash to his key ring and the other end to my collar, then we walked up to the house and rang the bell. We identified ourselves to the voice on the intercom; the door buzzed and we went in.

The first thing I saw gave a pretty good clue as to how the evening was going to be. In the middle of the entryway there was a short, slim guy someone had really bound up. They had bent his arms at the elbows and, using leather straps on each, had bound his legs the same way, ankles to upper thighs, so that he was now walking around on his elbows and kneecaps.

"Hi, Chuck," my dad called out as we passed. "Having a good time?"

"Sure am, Sir, maybe we can make it together later?" he asked.

My dad didn't answer. He continued leading me down the hall toward a door at the end. "That's Chuck that I was telling you about. He lives and breathes bondage. Nothing more, really, just bondage. The tighter and more uncomfortable, the better. You'll be seeing him later, when someone really ties him up."

We had now reached the door, which proved to be a double panel with soundproofing in between. What a sight this guy's blackroom was! It looked as big as our entire house. About thirty people were there: some

nude, some partially nude, some fully dressed in black leather or jeans. There was an 'm' hanging in the middle of the room, almost exactly the way I had spent the previous night. He had a full hood strapped over his head and his cock and balls were packaged in an overfilled black leather bag. He had a magnificent body which, like my own, had been completely denuded of hair. Also like me, his nipples had been pierced, except that the holes through his were much larger and now supported a pair of padlocks instead of just rings. In addition he had a large ring through his navel, which I don't—but I am proud to say his big cock wasn't fastened like mine with the padlock that mine has.

There were two burly men, dressed alike in leather pants and half-hoods, using small whips on him, one in front, one in back. They must have been at it for some time as he was already covered with welts from neck to feet. When he passed closer, I could see that a few had actually broken the skin, causing a drop of blood to appear here and there. The only sounds coming from this beautiful piece of bound slavery was an occasional groan, either from pain or ecstasy.

A small crowd watched the scene. Suddenly one of the spectators noticed my master and rushed over to greet him. Naturally no one acknowledged my presence. I stood, as I have been trained, with my hands behind my back, chest out, head down, looking at my useless locked prick and my boots.

"Glad to see you could make it. You're about the last to arrive, but I think you know everyone here. Robert's there, behind the centerpiece."

"I recognized him working on the guy's ass. That number belong to him?"

"No, that's the 'm' I told you about. His number is over in the corner." He motioned to one corner of the room where another group were watching the action.

"The beer's over there and you'll also find plenty of grass if you want it. Make yourself at home," he added as he backed off and headed toward one of the others in the crowd watching the whipping scene.

"That's his lover he's talking to," noted my dad. "He usually doesn't attend these parties. He's completely leather but, I don't know, unless he likes one-on-one rather than these group affairs."

Robert and his associate had stopped working on the hanging muscleman now. Some of the others were taking him down to get ready for further activities. I was surprised to see his cock sprint to full erection as soon as the genital bag was removed. He obviously liked it rough!

"Hey, Buck, how's it going? You look great, as always!" It was Robert, shaking my dad's hand firmly.

"How come you didn't call me? The only way I know you're in town is from somebody else."

I didn't know until last night. I called you, but there wasn't any answer. When Joe said you'd be here tonight, I figured I'd surprise you. I guess Joe told you I was coming, though. Is this your boy?"

"He's been with me almost a year now."

"A year! You finally settling down?" I held my breath.

"Maybe. I understand you've got a new boy." Was he changing the subject on purpose?

"Come on and look him over."

We headed for the group in the corner. There, strapped to a waist-high narrow bench, was a handsome kid of college age. His knees were pulled up under his armpits and a big black man was fucking him, hot and heavy.

"Tim," Robert said. "Say hello to my good friend Buck here."

"How do you do, Sir. Bob's told me a lot about you." As he spoke, he seemed oblivious to what was going on at his other end. He was being used hard from the look of the big buck working on him, and knew how to use his ass.

"Tim likes to get fucked, if you hadn't guessed," Robert laughed.

"I knew that as soon as I heard he was with you. How many can he take?" my dad asked.

"Saw him take 27, plus two fists and a bottle the night I met him. I knew right there I had to get to know him better."

I had been told that Robert was an ass man at heart. He did most of the other things any good 'S' should, but somehow always wound up stuffing his number's asshole full of anything available.

"You going to be alright for a while?" Bobby asked Tim. "Buck and I have a lot of catching up to do."

"Yessir, but not too long. Remember, you said I could get a tattoo tonight, Sir."

"Okay, another half to three-quarters of an hour. Tighten up that ass."

"Yessir... Oh, wow! What the hell was that?" Tim asked, showing for the first time that he was paying any attention to the way his backside was being used. The man had shaken up a bottle of beer, then shoved it up Tim's ass. As soon as it squirted out its contents, the man entered again and commenced his attack.

The party was getting into full swing. Fucking and sucking in twos, threes and in groups. "You ready to put on a little show for the guys, boy?"

"Yessir, whenever— whatever you want, sir."

My dad borrowed a hood from our host's collection and, after making sure I was totally blinded and binding my arms tightly behind my back, he turned me loose. I didn't see any more of the party for quite a while, but I heard it: a few screams and howls, lots

of moans and groans, some of pleasure, some otherwise— all accompanied by the swishing and cracking of supple leather caressing skin, and the clanking of chains. I felt someone push me down to my knees and I sucked my way around the room, drank beer and piss, got my ass whipped and fucked a couple of times. Also, along with at least one other, I was made to run a gauntlet made up of most of the guests, each using his favorite weapon: studded belts, whips of all types, paddles and even something that felt like a baseball bat.

Following this, my dad caught me in his arms. "You need a rest, boy." I suddenly knew he had been standing by all the time to make sure no one got carried away.

He unbound me and removed the hood. We retired to a corner that had a good view of the room. He was stripped to the waist now, showing off the beautifully muscled, hairy chest I loved so much. He had his cock and balls hanging out, too. As we sat drinking beer, a nude guy knelt between his legs, and slowly sucked on his magnificent prick.

The primary 'm' was hanging from the rafters again, only this time you could tell he was in real pain. They had stuck at least three pins through the very tip of each of his nipples. I could see that numerous others had been inserted under the skin of his lower chest and belly. The guy working on him had just finished putting at least a dozen in his low-hanging sac. Now they were being slipped under the skin of his cock. The 'm' let out a gasp as each entered his body, and again as it reappeared through the skin about a half-inch away from the point of penetration. He must have been enjoying it all, however, for he still had a roaring hard on. He squirmed and shook as the guy worked his way down the shaft. Finally, as the guy pushed one right into the head, coming out through the asshole, the prisoner came. He came and came and came, screaming all the while. As the last drops ran out of his impaled cock, he let go a blood-curdling howl and blacked out. Dozens of hands worked to cut him down and to get the pins out. He was awake, drinking beer and licking their hands by the time they finished.

I hadn't noticed Chuck over in a corner. Someone had left his arms and legs bound, only now they were also tightly tied against his body. He was wrapped up in belts and chains from head to foot. Even his cock and balls were completely wrapped in rawhide. He looked like a round ball of chains and straps, with a head sticking out one end and leather-woven genitals out the other.

"How long can he stay like that?" I asked my dad, pointing at Chuck.

"For hours at a time. I am not sure, really. Maybe for days."

Robert came over to show us the





eagles that Karl had just finished tattooing over each nipple for him.

"Say, listen, Tim's upstairs having a joint to get ready for his tattoo. Could you and your boy give me a hand holding him down while Karl's working on him? I picked out something special for him as a surprise, but Karl said the area was too sensitive for a first tattoo. He figures he can do it if I can get some help holding him still."

"Sure, be glad to help. Here he comes now. Come on, boy."

We went over to meet him, then all went upstairs to the room where Karl had set up his equipment. It wasn't nearly well lighted enough downstairs to work.

"Get yourself a shave tonight?" my dad asked, noting Tim's pubic hair was completely missing.

"A gift from my master. Looks good, don't you think?"

My dad just smiled and pointed to my denuded body.

"Oh, yeah, I forgot," Tim laughed. "How often do you have to shave?" He directed the question to me as he felt where my pubic hair should have been.

"Never, sir. My dad used an electrolysis needle there and on my ass, sir."

"Wow!" he said, feeling me more closely. "Hey, Bob, maybe he could do me sometime?"

"Sure," Robert replied. "Sure thing, I'd like that. Save me a lot of shaving time on you."

All of this discussion had taken place as we made our way up the stairs and along the hall to the rear bedroom. As soon as we were inside the room, they all turned and grabbed, not Tim, but me! For a second or two I didn't get it, then it hit. The surprise was for me! That area too sensitive to tattoo for the first time was mine! I started to fight back, but instinct told me to give in. My dad had always been careful not to exceed what I could take. Even in the very beginning, over a year ago when I could take very little, he never went too far. I put my trust in him long ago and had stopped resisting.

He leaned close to me and whispered, "You remember our original deal when I took you in? I said that if I ever decided to keep you..."

"Yes, sir," I thought aloud. "You said you'd put your initials on me so everyone would know I was yours!" It was time to make that commitment. This was the point I had been working so hard to reach, the time when my lord and master accepted me as his permanent slave. To own me for the rest of my life! Our eyes met and locked. The effect of the pot and beer was long gone. The look on our faces was all that needed to be said. There was no necessity for further conversation.

He knelt down and carefully removed the chastity lock from my foreskin. Then, for the first time in our entire relationship, he took my cock in his mouth, sucking it on down into the top of his throat. He held it there as he

tongued along the bottom of my shaft. I could feel it sliding further and further down his throat as I became fully erect. Slowly, tonguing all the way, he pulled his head free from my now erect cock.

"Ready?" he asked, looking up from his kneeling position.

"Ready, Sir!"

He got up and, with his brawny arms around my shoulders, guided me over to Karl near the wooden rack in the far corner of the room. There I saw Karl's tools and inks all laid out beside a special piece of equipment—a cock clamp. He had nailed seven hose clamps together on a piece of wood. They ran about eight inches down the board. (Hose clamps, in case you've never seen them, are steel bands about 3/8" wide, full of slots. The bands have a screw device affixed to one end that the other end slips through, making a circle that fits around a piece of hose. You turn the screw to reduce the diameter of the circle, tightening the clamp onto the hose.)

Karl wrapped my hard cock tightly with a piece of leather, starting from just behind the head, being careful to push my foreskin under the wrapping and out of the way, continuing down the full length to where my balls connected at the base. He fastened it in place with electrician's tape.

"This is so the band clamps won't pinch," he explained to my dad. "Push your cock all the way through these," directing me toward the row of circular openings.

My dad helped him pull the head out beyond the farthest clamp, and held it as Karl tightened the clamp with a screwdriver. He switched from that clamp, which was now too tight for the head of my cock to pull out, but not uncomfortably tight.

"By tightening from the base of his cock up towards the head, I can force extra blood into it, giving me his absolute maximum swelling to work on."

"To work on!" He was going to tattoo the head of my dick! God, no! My dad had put me through hell on many occasions during my training, but this—to run an electric needle over my cockhead—that was the worst yet. I started to draw back, but they held me in place. It was completely out of my hands. I said nothing as Karl started to tighten the first band around the base of my cock, tighter and tighter until it had painfully reduced the circumference of my shaft to almost half. I remembered that I had reiterated over and over that my cock belonged to my dad, along with my ass and the rest of my worthless carcass. But the pain would be all mine.

Each band he tightened took longer and hurt more as the blood was forced farther (or is it further?) down toward the cockhead. I was in agony by the time he finished all the clamps, including retightening the one behind the head to match the others. I wasn't even aware of the guys holding me or every-

one watching my humiliation. My cock no longer resembled itself. It was a mass of swollen flesh, bigger than I had ever seen it, protruding up between crushing steel bands. Karl was right, though. The head, now a deep purple, was huge! My dad ran his fingertip over it.

"Feel it. It's as hard as a rock," he said to Bob and Tim.

I asked to feel it too. It wasn't only hard but, due to all the blood forced into it or due to the lack of circulation, I found it had lost much of its sensitivity. I was sure they knew it would become numb.

Karl set some bottles of ink close by and plugged in his electric needle. "Ready?" he asked my dad. My dad put his arm around my shoulders and positioned himself to be able to see the proceedings. Tim grabbed me around the waist and Bob took a firm hold on the board.

The first jab of the needle felt like a spike. I jerked back; my cock didn't even move! My dad tightened his hold on my shoulders by pulling me closer to him.

Karl drew a line across the head, then down one side toward the piss-hole, across close to the hole, then back to the first line to form a shield—like those containing a family coat of arms.

He wiped off the blood, changed needles and started on the lettering of my master's initials. The feeling was just about gone from my throbbing prick now and I began to enjoy watching his needle permanently trace out each beautiful letter.

When he finished, I was indelibly marked. My dad took me in both arms and kissed me deeply. He held me as Karl loosened the clamps and, as soon as I was free, he bent over and picked me up.

"Time to go home," he called back as he carried me out. "Could you bring my jacket and stuff out to the ranch tomorrow, Bob?" He didn't wait for an answer.

"I'm okay, sir. I can..." I started to say, over the throbbing of my newly decorated dick.

"I want to," he replied. He carried me out to the car and it seemed like only minutes later we got home. When we were in his bedroom finally, he took my bleeding cock into his mouth and began to suck. Earlier it had been to get me ready for the branding, but this time was for my pleasure. I had, of course, seen him suck others before, but never me, his boy.

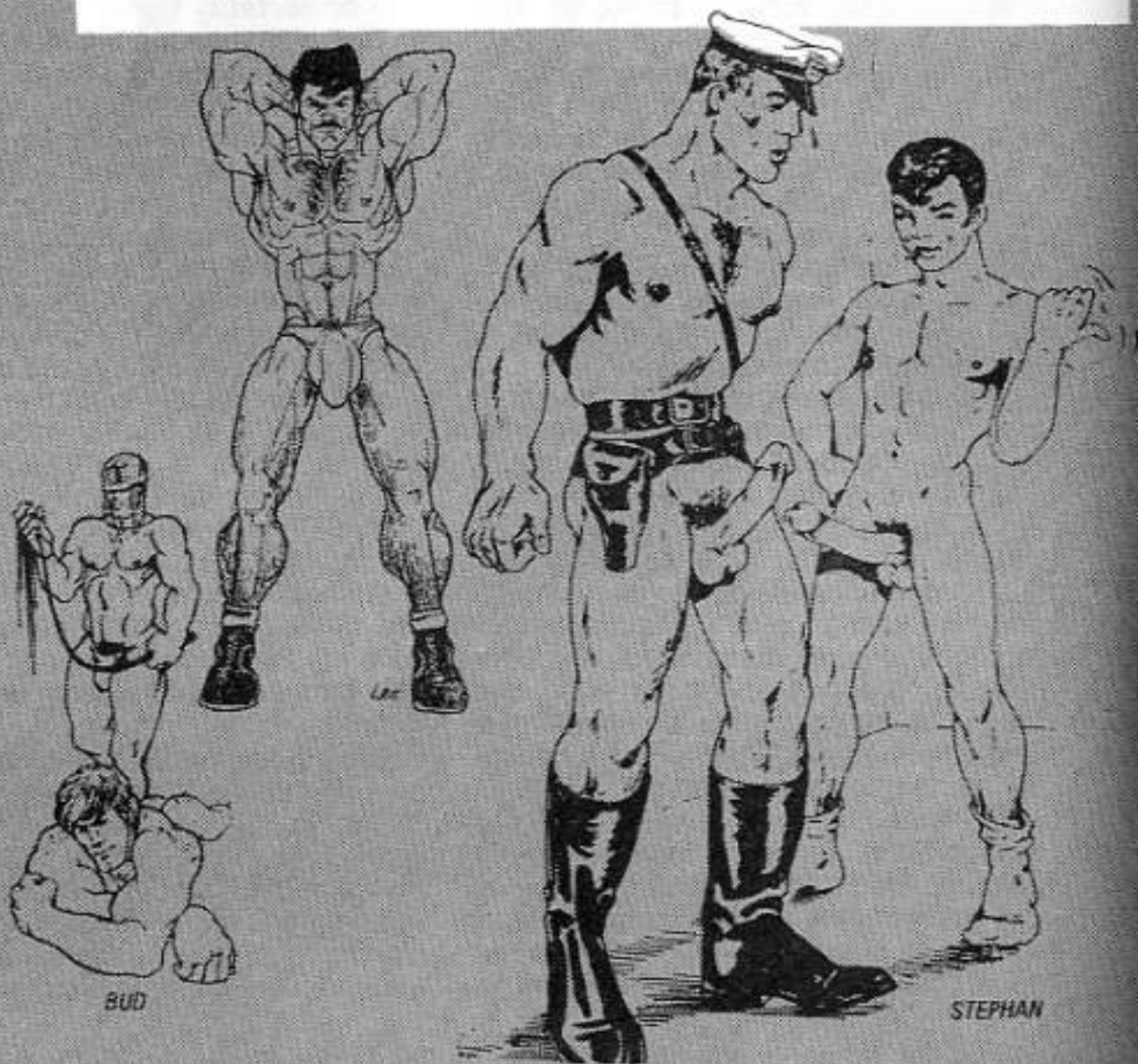
I came quickly, due both to my excited state and his considerable talent. I spent the rest of the night in my dad's room, in my dad's bed, in my dad's arms. I had a Father, a master that was going to own me for the rest of my life. A dad I could belong to and give in turn a life of absolute servitude.

Would you like to see my dick to prove all of this is true? □



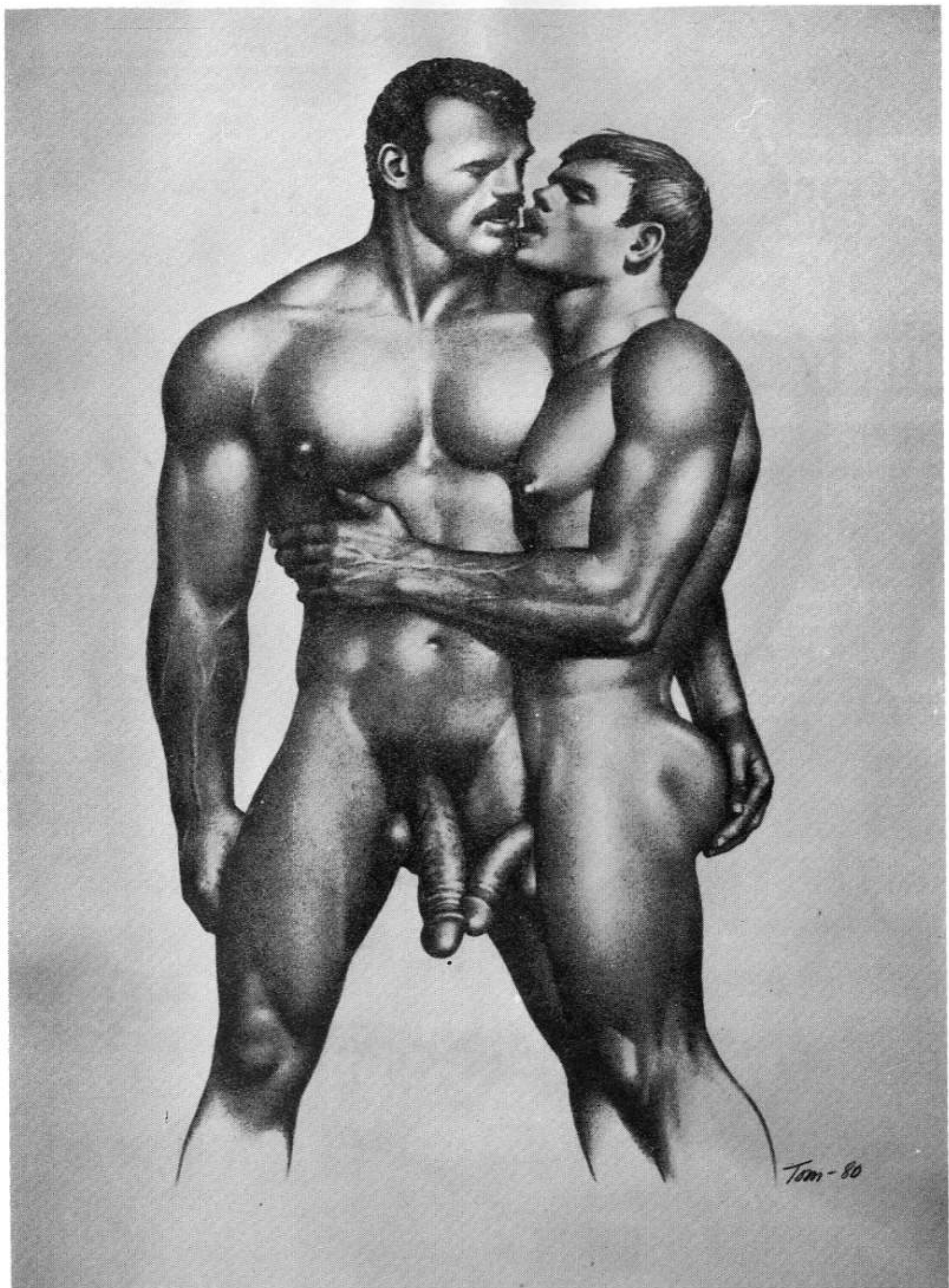
DADDIES' ART PORTFOLIO

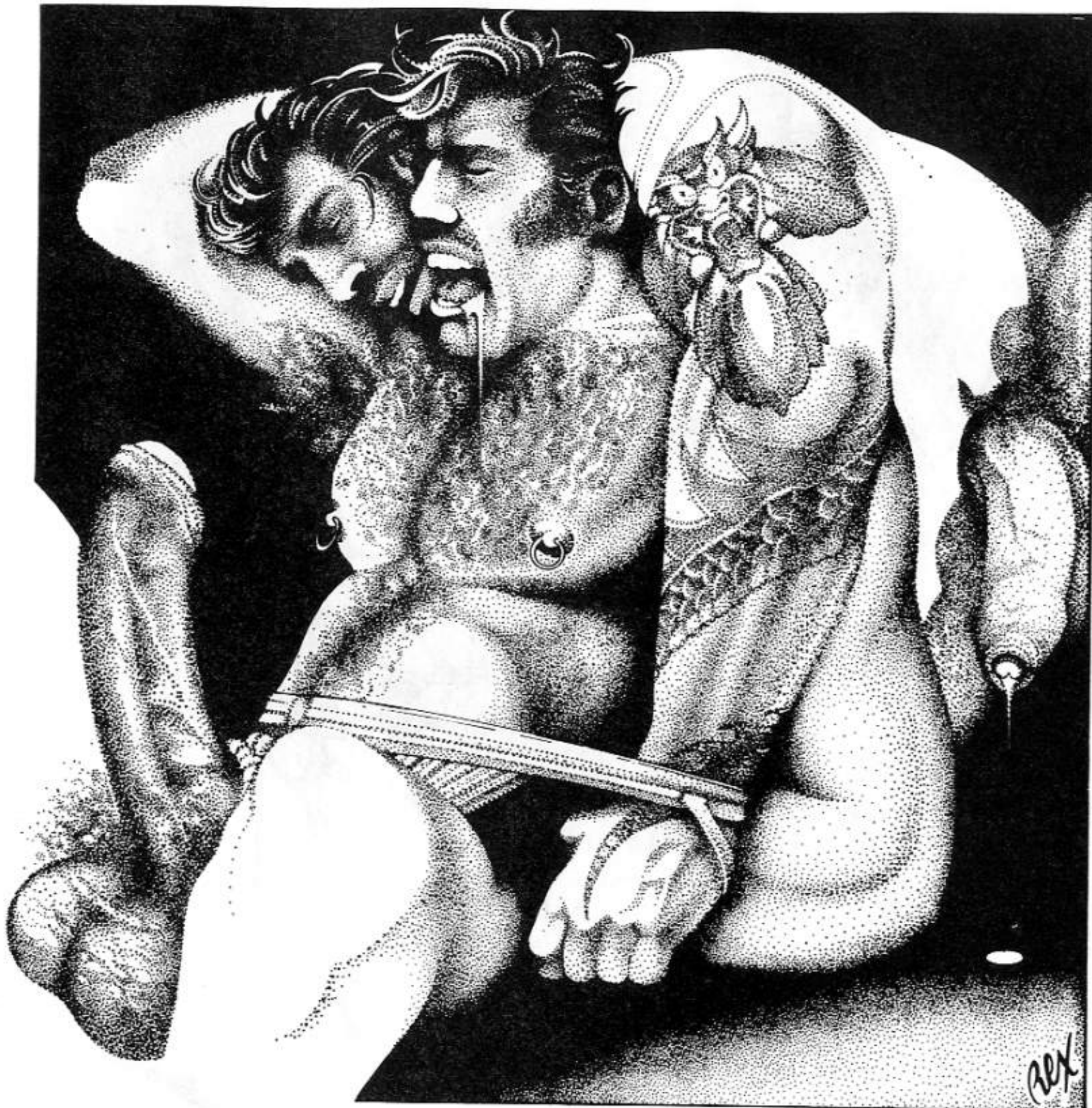
We asked a dozen artists whose works have graced the pages of DRUMMER over the years to give us their impression of our Daddy and Daddy's boy relationship. To be even a little more specific, show us how they think the two would celebrate Father's Day. Of the ten artists represented, none showed anybody opening packages. The Father-Son relationships represented here are probably what many of us have dreamed of with only a very lucky few ever realizing with our parent. With one's newfound Daddy, however, anything is possible and one doesn't need to wait for Father's Day to celebrate what can happen.



From ETIENNE comes this exciting
Daddy and Daddy's boy relationship.
When the son gets too big for his
britches, there is only one thing to
do and Daddy is doing it.







TOM of FINLAND shows us a father-son relationship which is idealized and breathtakingly beautiful— as is all of Tom's work. Tom also illustrated "My Son, My Lover" starting on page 53.

From **REX** comes this training scene showing whose cock gets used and whose cock remains rampant and untouchable. The same obviously goes for mouths. The boy is properly ringed but it is his Dad that wears the tattoos.



The Incomparable HARRY BUSH shows us a Father/Son relationship, full of strength and comradery on one side (left) and on the other a different younger/older man acquaintance. Let's hope pops sticks to his guns.



CAVALO illustrates a training session for us using an old army cot instead of the traditional woodshed. Whatever it is the young stud has done to deserve such excellent disciplining, we can be sure he will do it again for the enjoyment of his Dad, who seems to relish the chore.



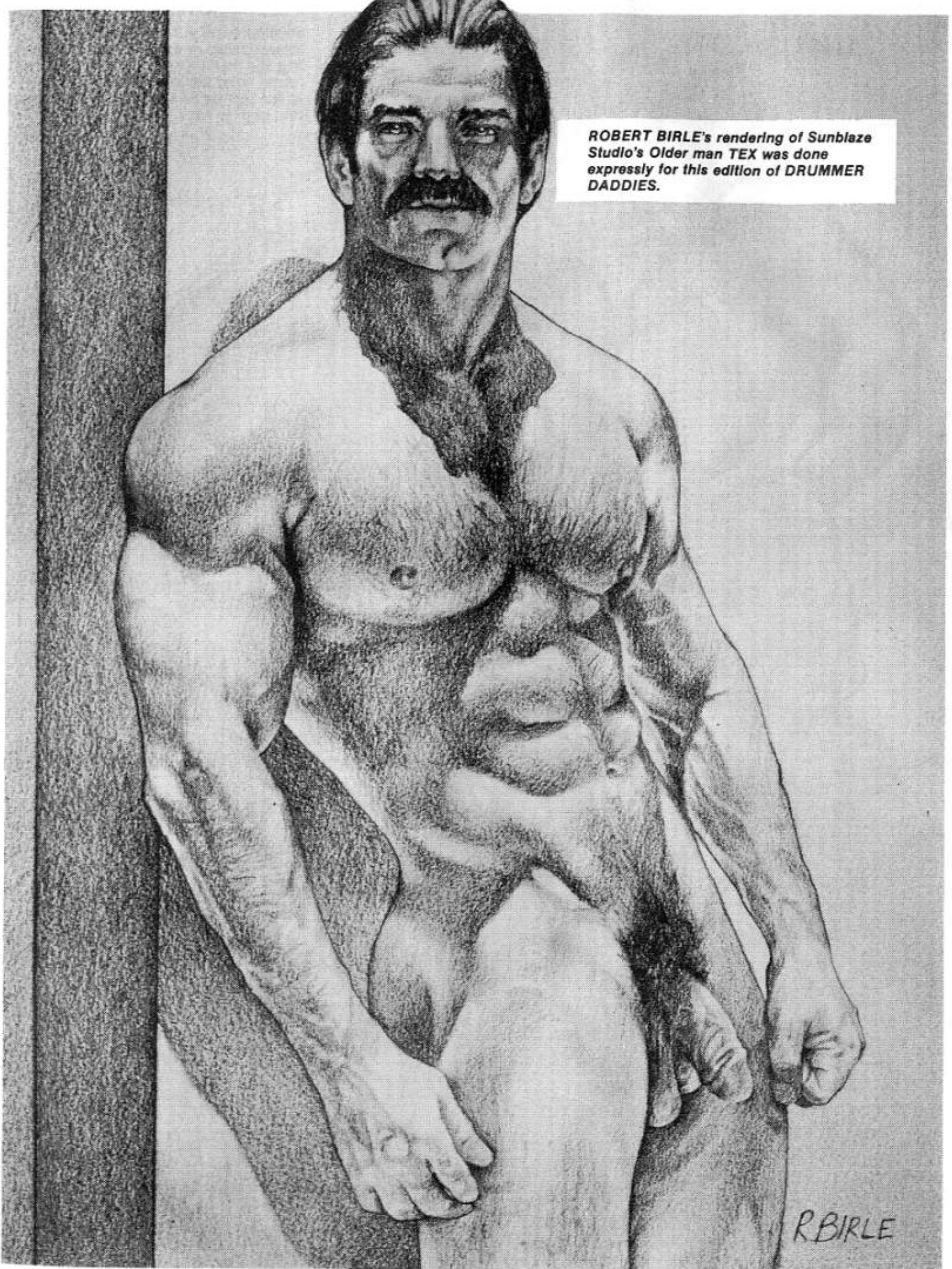


MATT shows us a motorcycle Daddy
and his boy with one bike and only
one place for the boy to sit.

MATT



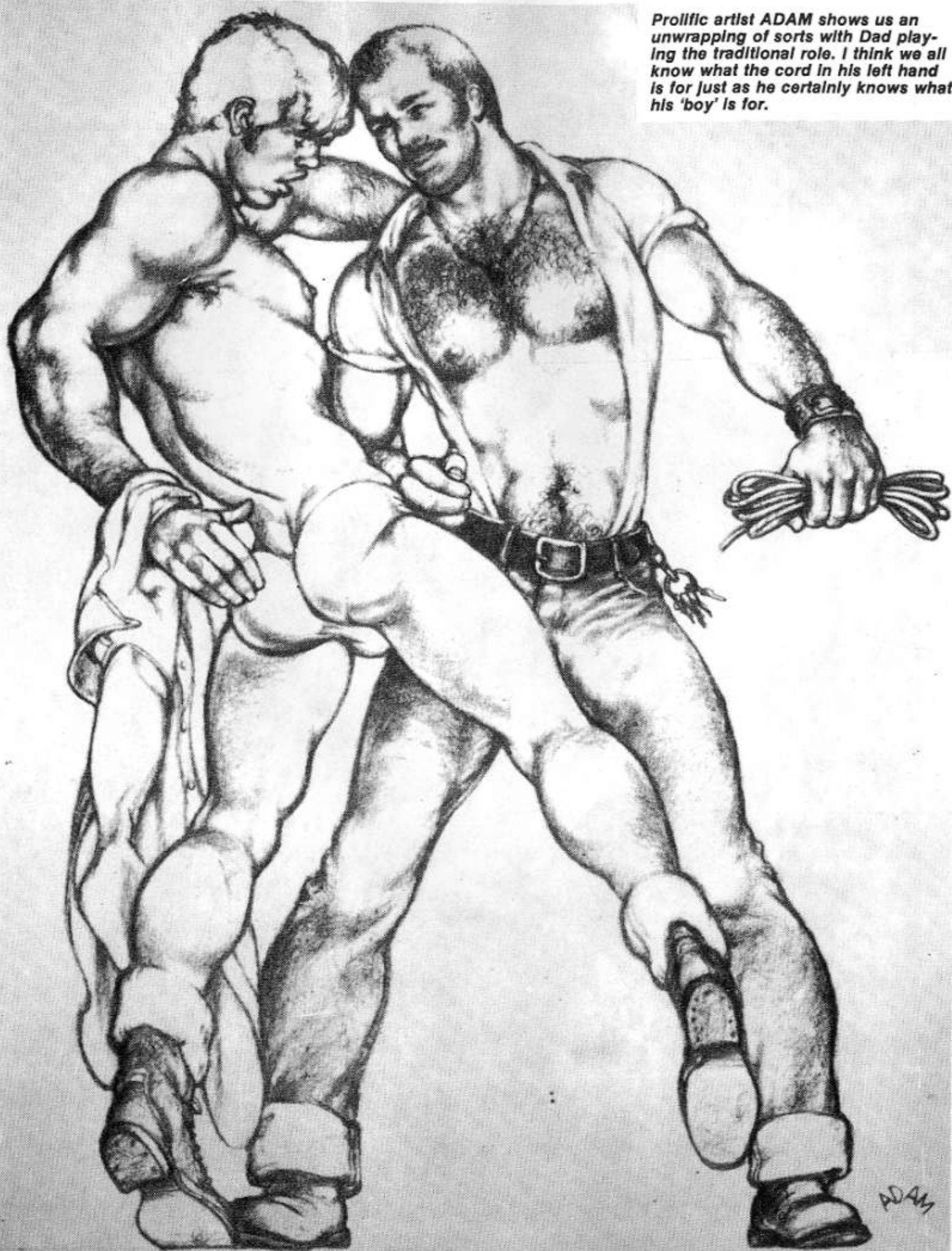
These two illustrations border on classics, having appeared in MACH. Both by KEN WOOD, they represent not only the best of his work, but the classic Trip-to-the-Woodshed approach to raising a son.



ROBERT BIRLE's rendering of Sunblaze Studio's Older man TEX was done expressly for this edition of DRUMMER DADDIES.

R. BIRLE

Prolific artist ADAM shows us an unwrapping of sorts with Dad playing the traditional role. I think we all know what the cord in his left hand is for just as he certainly knows what his 'boy' is for.



BILL WARD, creator of **DRUM** gives us a Father/Son relationship that leaves little to the imagination but has much going for it. Daddy is showing his boy what he is in for and how it is done on Father's Day. Beats a necktie anytime.



MY SON, MY LOVER

It was five years ago that I first met Bobby. Actually, I did not want to meet him. He forced me to see him. It happened at the Ambush, a south of Market bar. I had come down from Davis for the weekend. Leather had become my life and, let's face it, the university town of Davis was a far cry from the south of Market scene. I guess that I had seen Bobby when I entered the bar, only because so many dudes were openly cruising him. Pretty boys are not my thing and, without a doubt, Bobby was pretty. I ignored him as I bellied up to the bar and ordered my beer.

After a few sips of the lager, I felt the pull of a pair of eyes and I looked at them. I surveyed the owner. He had a cap of golden hair with a fringe of bangs across his broad forehead which failed to diminish the masculinity of his other features. Deep blue eyes almost sheepishly looked into mine. The slim, athletic body of a boy/man who had not yet completely matured into manhood, was encased provocatively in tight, clean jeans and a plaid shirt; dirty tennis shoes peeked from the frayed edges of the pants. The intentness of his gaze wasn't intimidating, it was perplexing, disconcerting and appealing. I am not into chicken, so I turned my back.

It was then that I became aware of the fact that a number of men around us had been very aware of the interplay. Mentally I shrugged. I'm no fucking beauty, I thought, and the lad is young enough to be my son. As I eyed the crowd, I tried to find someone I might know, or at least someone who might want to get screwed. The crowd offered no ready answer to my dilemma. Well, I thought, I'll finish my beer, no fucking juvenile is going to run me out of a bar.

After about ten minutes, I headed out to the street and my car. As I left the bar, I felt a faint tug on my leather jacket. I turned.

"What do you want?" I snarled. Most guys tell me that I look intimidating, like a cop, and I played it to the hilt.

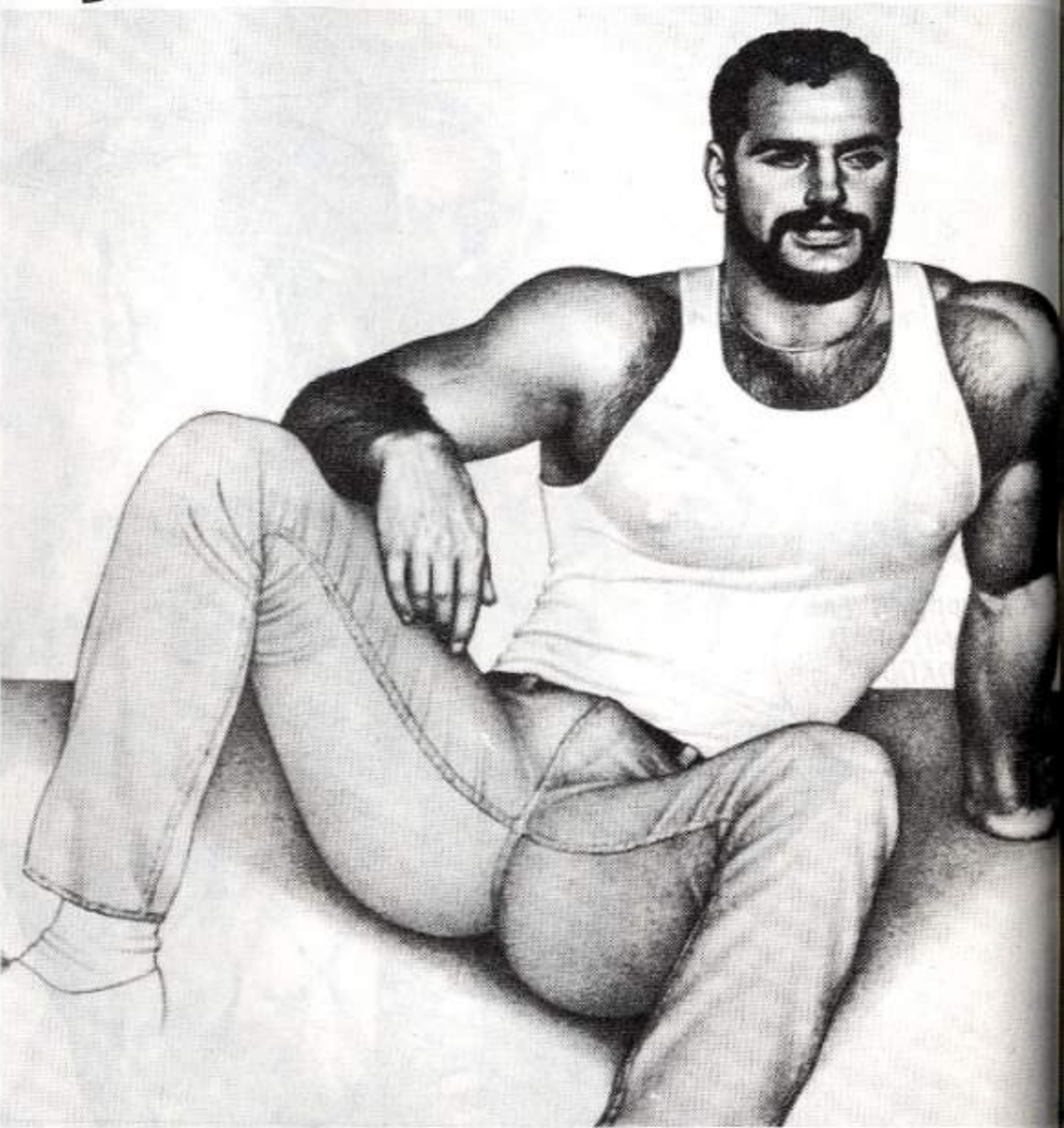
The lad was not to be deterred. "Sir," he began, in a deep husky voice which belied his seeming youth. "Can I go with you?"

Even at that initial stage, he evoked concern in me. "Why? Is someone hassling you?"

"Oh, no, Sir." He acted surprised at the suggestion. "I'd just like to be with you."

With my legs widespread and my gloved fists on my hips, I growled, "I'm not into pretty little boys, so beat it."

His face mirrored his incredulity and then his face collapsed as tears seeped from those vulnerable eyes. "I'm 22, Sir," he began, his voice breaking from



Illustrations / TOM OF FINLAND

sheer emotion. "I can't help how I look, Sir."

No, I guess you can't, I thought. I had often wondered if the pretty boys had a terrible burden to bear, especially later in life, or if that ethereal beauty faded. The tears were what really got to me; I can't stand to see another guy cry, especially when the tears were caused by a deep spiritual hurt.

"Come on," I gruffly ordered as I headed across the thoroughfare to my car. I didn't even look back to see if he was following me. At that point I hoped he had returned to the bar because he was already having an effect on me. Yet I wanted to know more about him. When I reached the car, I found him two steps behind me. I got in on the driver's side and reached over, unlocking the passenger door.

I sat with my hands on the wheel, undecided what to do. I looked straight ahead as I turned on the car lights and switched on the ignition. When I glanced over at him, it appeared in the dim light as if he had shrunk in his clothing. I did not want to go to his place. Somehow, it didn't feel right to take him to one of the baths. Since it was Friday night, I probably couldn't have gotten a room anyway. I headed up to Folsom Street and the ramp to the Oakland-Bay Bridge.

The car's engine was the only noise that could be heard. I reached into my jacket pocket for my cigarettes as I made the swing onto the bridge and I shook out a butt, offering him one. I heard him murmur, "No, thank you, Sir." I replaced the pack and handed him the lighter. He sat sideways in the seat and lit

**by FRANK
O'ROURKE**



my cigarette. I cracked the window to let the smoke waft its way out. The remainder of the trip was made in silence, each of us wrapped in his own thoughts. I tried to guess what he was thinking and gave that up. My only thoughts were how I could handle him when I got home to Davis and whether he would freak out on me. I knew I could put him on a bus to the City if that was the case. He had kept the lighter and lit my cigarettes as we made the forty-five minute drive.

I turned on the lights in the apartment and went into the bedroom to hang up my jacket and placed my leather cap on the closet shelf. When I returned to the living room, I found him still standing by the closed apartment door. Christ, I thought, I don't even know his name.

"What's your name?"

"Bobby, Sir," he whispered. I didn't know if he was just shy or frightened.

I went into the kitchen and got a beer from the fridge. I offered him one, but he politely refused. In the living room, I laid the can of beer on a coaster on the side table. I told him to make himself comfortable as I unzipped my chaps.

In the most natural way, without the teasing mannerisms which I had seen so often in the past, Bobby started removing all his clothing. I mentally gasped as his golden body emerged from the frayed, old clothing. He folded his things neatly and laid them on the floor next to the door. I sat in the chair, reached for the beer, awestruck by his startling beauty. I signalled him to come closer.

Almost shyly, he knelt at my feet. His manly cock began to grow from the golden hair in his groin. I reached out and petted his head as he leaned forward and buried his face in my crotch. He made no move to do more.

I sighed and thought, well, I've got this luscious piece of meat, I might as well use it. I unzipped my fly and pulled my hard cock out and in a hoarse voice I managed to say, "Suck."

Bobby turned out to be a fantastic cocksucker. He took all nine inches without gagging. The intensity of his concentration on my tool told me that the most important thing at that moment to him was my cock. His tongue explored my oozing slit on the one hand, then he swallowed the shaft and worked his throat muscles deliciously on the bulging head. I knew that if this lasted much longer I would bust my load. All during the exquisite sucking, I found that I could not keep my eyes off of his provocative golden bubble butt.

I pushed him off my cock and I could see the hurt in his eyes. I directed him to the bedroom. I sat on the bed and let him pull my boots and socks off. He undressed me. I laid Bobby on his back in the center of the bed, grabbed some lube, stroked it over my cock while I used the thumb of my other hand to loosen his sphincter with a large dab of lube. Throwing his legs over my shoulders, I aimed my fat dickhead for

that tiny pink wrinkled pucker. This was not someone you drove your cock into. I had already come to feel protective of him. I eased the head into his very tight hole and let it rest there until his muscles relaxed around the huge invader. Then, inch by slow inch, I moved further and further into that steaming, gripping orifice, until all of me was in him. I began a slow, careful fuck which increased in tempo as the urgency in my balls demanded release. Bobby did not just lie there supinely throughout the fuck; his hips rose to meet each thrust and his asshole rotated around my shaft, seeking the greatest pleasure for both of us. I kissed his sweet mouth, feeling his small pointed tongue fencing with mine. Every thrust into his mouth was met with sucking as if to prevent me from escaping. As I got ready to bust my load, I began to slap the cheeks of his ass in a frenzy. He matched this urgency by lifting his hips for the deepest penetration and his own breathing became more and more shallow. Only in passing did I realize that the little bastard was going to come too. My cockhead swelled as I shot my hot come into his ass, and it was quickly followed by his own gush all over our chests. A few drops hit my chin.

Afterwards, I rolled off of him and lay back on the bed. Bobby went down on my cock to suck out any remaining juices and to clean what had just been up his ass. He licked all of his own come from my body without being told. I began to feel the beer demanding release and I started to swing my legs off the bed. "I've got to take a piss."

He knelt in front of me. "May I, Sir?"

I merely nodded my head and he gently took my cock in his mouth, not putting any pressure on it. I had to concentrate and not allow it to get hard again. Then the flow coursed its way into his mouth and he swallowed in controlled gulps the furious surge, not losing a drop of the golden liquid.

That night as we went to bed, I heard him whisper, "Goodnight, Daddy." I was too tired to analyze what he had said, but I recalled it in the morning when I awakened with his face in my crotch. Bobby moved in permanently with me that weekend.

Bobby saw me as a stern, loving father, someone who punished him when he needed it and rewarded him when he earned it. Our relationship was multifaceted. I saw that Bobby returned to college and continued his education. While his initial punishment was a good spanking, Bobby came to find that this sort of chastisement was too tame for him. He needed the whip and the more subtle tools of the playroom. Bobby saw my fulfillment in a scene as his own gift to me. It was not long before he recognized that the more intense fucking sessions were always preceded by a heavy whipping scene. He loved the whip, often saving his money to buy a particular device which he thought might bring us both considerable enjoyment.

From the first Bobby knew that I

enjoyed looking at his body, so he never wore clothing around the apartment unless I told him. I knew that a young man should have a diversity of experiences, so I loaned him out to friends of mine. He always returned to me with a greater need for me. Although our relationship had all the earmarks of a Master-slave relationship, it was only superficial since I saw in Bobby the son I would never have.

Everything I did for, or to, him was predicated on the father/son relationship. He never called me Master, because he saw me as his Dad. In fact, the first Father's Day together brought a surprise. He bought me a gold pen and pencil set, the same sort of gift any son would give his father on that day.

As time passed we both came to recognize what turned each other on and became more and more adept in our lovemaking. The first time I sucked Bobby off, he was ecstatic about the experience. The men who used him never offered this gift to him as if it demeaned their sense of self-esteem and masculinity. He had a magnificent cock and I loved to suck it which I did often. He still found it easy to come when I fucked him, so we had the best of both roles.

I shaved Bobby's body the night before his graduation from college. I tied him spreadeagle for the shaving. I got his arms and armpits first, then the peach fuzz from his chest. Next his legs. Throughout the shaving his hard cock rested on his belly, seeping pre-cum. When I had finished his balls, I grasped that large ivory phallus in my hand to start shaving the base when it broke loose with an almost never-ending geyser of frothy semen.

After graduation Bobby went East to visit his relatives before he returned to take up a new job in San Francisco where we planned to move. He did not want to take the trip, but I insisted, feeling that his folks deserved to share the joy of his accomplishment.

While in his home town, some drunken bastard killed Bobby in a head-on collision.

I know that self-recriminations are futile, but my heart cries out when I hear the name Bobby. His name had so much meaning for me. Bobby means the unity of two people. It means loving, caring. I remember the pleading in his own eyes when I misunderstood what he was trying to tell me. Bobby taught me that pretty boys often have a burden to bear, that what appears to be attitude on their parts is really uncertainty.

So many Daddies think they are superior and that only their sons are on the learning end. Not so. Bobby reminded me of the joy of youth, the happiness in nature that can be shared, the bliss found in the quietude of just being together.

Sure, Bobby had his faults, as I do to this day, but these faults, these imperfections, were what made Bobby my son and my lover. □



Photo: JIM WIGLER/RAW GRAPHICS

MY DADDY'S FARTS

Wednesday
September 30
4:05 p.m.

It was almost quitting time. The day had been long and tedious. People were giving me their work today, and wanting it yesterday. I was working on another project for Bob M. A few of the workers had already left. But there were a few people in their cubicles typing or running off some documents. Suddenly I looked in my screen and there was Bob, standing at the entrance. My cubicle was in the back of the room, so it was out of the way for anyone to come back. He asked if I had \$5 for one minute of his time. I nodded, still remaining facing my machine. He told me to give it to him, which I did quickly. He then told me to exhale all of the air from my lungs three times. He then told me to turn around and unzip his pants and place my nose inside and smell his Daddy crotch. I didn't have to be told twice. I quickly whirled around in my chair and reached for his zipper. Zipping it down as quietly as I could, since there were still some of the workers in the office. He was looking over the cubicles to make sure that no one was coming around. Once it was down, I reached around and held his ass cheeks and leaned forward and placed my entire nose inside and inhaled. He quietly told me to inhale as deeply as possible and sniff that Daddy crotch. The

crotch where a Daddy's balls and Father cock were resting. With both his hands he then grabbed the back of my head and pulled my face further inside. The odor was magnificent. Very strong and heady. He was wearing a pair of briefs that were wet with precum and piss. He whispered that I had only paid for one minute and that's all he was giving me, so I had better make it worthwhile. I inhaled as deeply as possible, knowing the seconds were passing very quickly. If only there was more time. He ground his crotch into my face with great force. His big belly was crushing my forehead. Within a few seconds his Daddy prick was swelling and lengthening. I could feel his testicles elevate and roll around. His hands were pulling at my ears trying to pull my face further inside. He knew his son would like that best. The zipper was scratching the hell out of my cheeks, but I sure as hell wasn't going to complain. Before I knew it, the minute had passed and he roughly pushed my face away from his crotch. He told me to zip him up and asked me if it was good. I nodded and asked for more. No dice. Maybe next time I'll strap your face to my crotch, bet you'd like that wouldn't you son? He then told me not to jack off or come for the next two days. He said he wanted me to be real ready for our get together after work. He told me he hadn't come in a few days and his wife wasn't giving him any so maybe on Friday he'd feed me his sperm...



Photo: JIM WIGLER

Friday
October 2
4:19

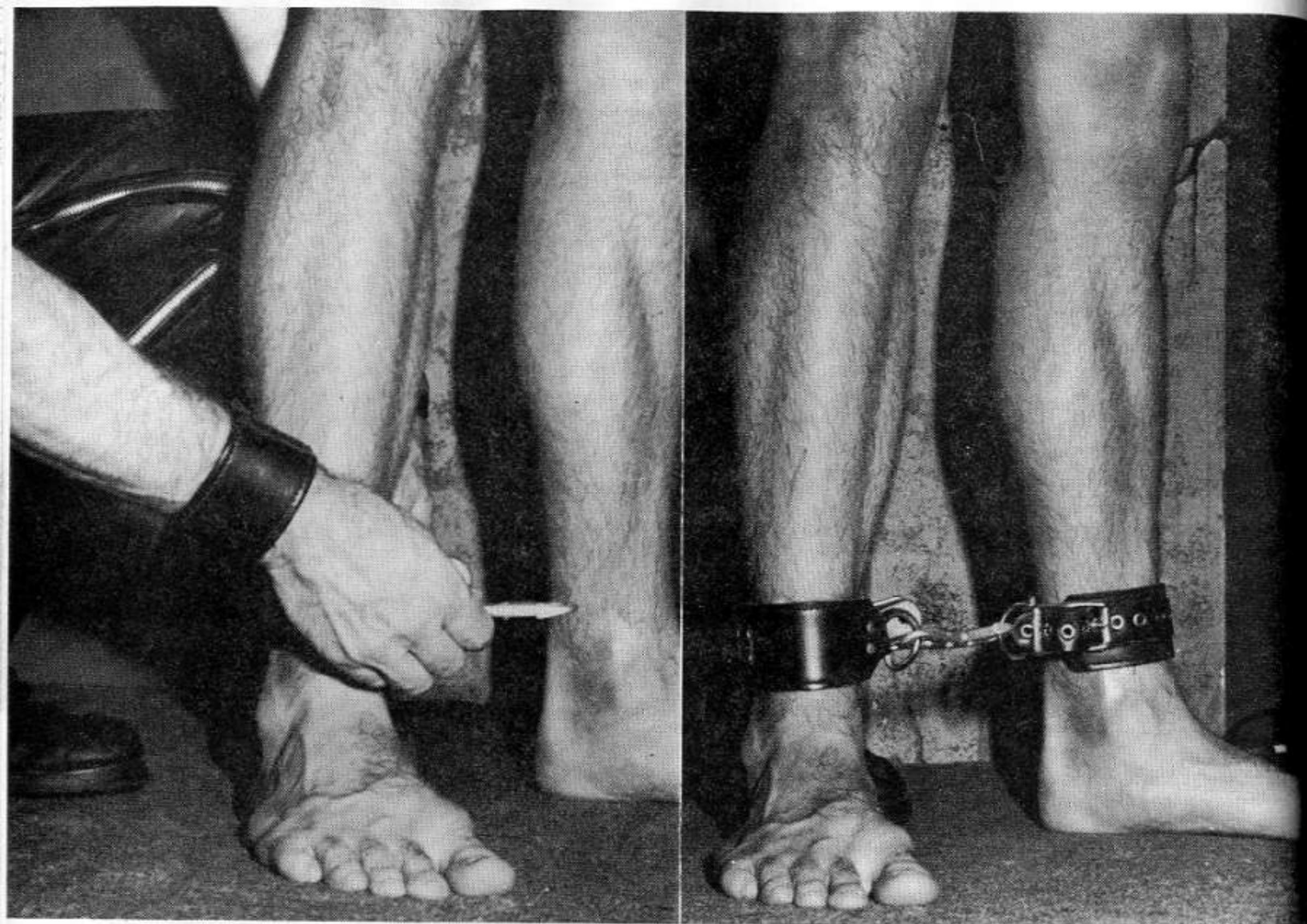
Once again, it was a Friday and everyone had gone for the day. I knew the front door was still open and kept working on a few letters and envelopes. Within a few moments I heard the door close and lock. I knew better than to turn around. Only wait and watch my screen. I heard some kind of paper sack being set down outside my cubicle. I then saw Bob at the entrance. Since everyone was gone this time, he could talk as freely and as

loud as he wanted. He told me that today he had a few surprises for me. Since I had been good this week, he'd let me suck his Daddy cock, but all in good time. He started rubbing his crotch with both hands. Within a few seconds it grew down the left side of his leg. He asked me if I'd jacked off or come lately. I nodded no. Good he said. I haven't come in five days now, and has your Daddy got a juicy and thick load of sperm for you. Yeah, Daddy sperm. I'll bet your thirsty too, aren't you, son? I nodded eagerly. Good, he said, but first we'll place these over your eyes. He then reached inside the

bag and picked out some sort of night sleeping eye-pieces. He then placed them over my eyes. Everything was blacked out. He asked me if I had seen what he ate at lunch today. I remember him with two large helpings of beans. I remember having some myself and by now they were beginning to work their way through me. He told me to slide my chair back against the wall. He then entered the cubicle. At first I couldn't tell what he was doing. Within a few seconds I could tell he was facing away from me. It didn't take me long to realize that he was backing his ass into my face. He still had his slacks on. I could tell he was almost at my face when he asked me if I could smell anything yet. I nodded no. He then said to wait and be patient. Soon I heard a small squeek of a fart emitted right in front of my nose. I guess he then braced his hands on the table in front and backed his cheeks right into my nose. Here is a present from your Daddy, son. I want you to inhale slowly and as deeply as you can, like you did Wednesday when you smelled your Daddy's crotch. Again he let a fart. This time it was much larger and stronger. My lungs were filled with my Daddy's gas. It was stronger than any poppers that I had ever had. My head whirled and spun. The odor remained for a few seconds. He then asked me if I wanted another. I nodded my head up and down. That's a good boy, he said. My son has good taste. He loves his Daddy's farts. Don't you son? Here you go boy, inhale this Daddy fart!! And with that he cracked one of the juiciest farts I ever heard. All this time forcing my head against the wall. I had no place to go but to stay there and smell my Daddy's gas. After a minute of continued farts he pulled his ass away from my face and turned around facing me. He told me to play with him. I stated feeling his pants and his cock grew even bigger.

He then told me to unbutton his shirt and run my hands over his hairy belly, he also told me to play with his thick beard. How I loved hairy Daddies and he knew this would excite me. As quickly as I could I obeyed him. He was very hairy. And his big belly was covered with a thick mat of long hairs. That quickly turned him on. Once in a while he'd hump his crotch into my face, pushing me against the wall. He asked me if I wanted to suck on his Daddy cock. I nodded. He took the eye-piece off my head then. He then reached for the sack again and soon he was placing some sort of head piece over my head. It had straps and two handles on the side. He told me this was for force feeding his sons his Daddy cock, whether they wanted it or not. He told me to unzip his pants and bring out the piece of meat and the set of balls that had brought me into this world. I unzipped his pants and brought out his magnificent cock and testicles. It was uncut and very thick. Not too very long, but thick. The mouth of his cock was dribbling precum. He told me not to lick his cock until he told me I could. Once the head piece was on he told me to kiss his Father balls. Kiss them as tenderly as I could. They were the balls that had encased me before I was even thought of. After a few kisses he told me to kiss his Daddy's cock all over. Once I reached the head he told me to lick the precum off his prick. Once it was clean he asked me what I wanted. I told him I wanted to suck off his cock. I wanted his Daddy sperm. You mean you want to suck off your Daddy boy? Don't you know that would be incest son! That would be against all laws. I thought I taught you better boy. I pleaded with my Daddy. Please let me suck you off. With that he said

o.k. and then said, if this is what you want, then a Daddy cock is what your going to get. With that he grabbed the handles on both sides of my head and shoved his prick as far back as he could. I gagged, for it was so far back in my throat. I thought you said you wanted to suck your Daddy off, he said. If you do then here it is again son! He shoved again and again and again. Suck off your Daddy! Suck him! That's what your here for son. To please your Daddy. Remember I'm your Father, and you obey me. Suck off his fat Daddy prick. Suck it! I must have gagged for a half a minute while he kept shoving his fat prick in and out of my mouth. Using it, using my lips and mouth. I'm feeding you now boy. This is what every Daddy should do to his boy son. Every day of the week. It's what you need boy. Force fed by a Daddy cock. Remember this! He told me I could take out my cock and jack on it as long as I didn't come. I must have sucked his prick for a good 15 minutes when he started really banging my head. His stomach was hitting my forehead harder and harder. His Daddy balls heavy with sperm slapping my chin. He asked me if I wanted his Daddy sperm. The jism from deep within his Daddy testicles. I nodded yes. He began grunting harder and groaning. My free hands were running from his hairy chest to his thick beard and to his mighty set of balls. Oh how I wanted to empty those balls. He asked me if I was still thirsty. If I was, then to grab onto something because he was going to feed me one of the sloppiest loads of sperm I ever had in my mouth. He said when he fed me his load of come to hold it in my mouth. Soon he drove his cock slower into my mouth. His body began to shiver and spasm. He groaned deep inside and held just the head of his cock inside of my lips. Soon I could feel his sperm come up from his balls and cock. Then it started squirting in my mouth. At last, I had sucked off my Daddy. This is what I had waited for. At last, I had finally sucked off my Daddy!!! When he finished squirting what seemed a cup of seed into my mouth, he told me to stand up, which I did. He reached into his bag and pulled out a pair of his soiled briefs. I nodded and he placed them up to my nose. He told me to keep his sperm in my mouth and jack off in his cupped hand. It only took me 30 seconds to come. He kept my head against the wall and pushed his soiled underwear into my nose. I came in his hand and he didn't miss a drop. When I finished he told me to tilt my head back and he placed his cupped hand over my mouth, pouring all of my own come with his. He told me this was our union as Daddy and son. A ritual that must be carried out once a week. He told me to swish our sperm around and drop to my knees and look at him. He then reached into his bag again and pulled out an SX camera. He then told me to tilt my head slightly and open my mouth and show all of our sperm. When I did, he took two close up pictures. One for himself and one for me. He held his briefs up to my nose again and told me to place one hand on his cock and one on his hairy stomach. Swish our sperm around again, he said. Now, son, swallow it all. Swallow all of your Daddy's sperm son! Thick rich sperm. With that he told me to sit back in my chair and face the machine. He gave me one picture and put everything else back into his bag. He then told me that next week, if I was good, he'd fuck the living hell out of me while I sniffed his two year old underwear. But only if I was good. He then said have a good weekend son, and left the room. □



TRAINING HIM THE RIGHT WAY

O.K., so now you have a son of your own. A strapping young hunk that, while physically perfectly formed, nevertheless needs the spiritual leadership that only an older man can give, along with some very strict discipline and delving into his sexuality. Take a good look at him; he is undoubtedly the product of middle-class morality, a third grade religious education, and has more confused and conflicting drives than anybody needs and a gnawing need to discover himself or, as the saying goes, "See where he is coming from."

You may not be related, but there is a bond there that far surpasses what most sons get from their own fathers. The 'boy' now has a dad who is steeped into what is going on in

his mind. After all, Dad has been there too, probably to places that most straight fathers never venture. And Dad has the same physical attributes, problems and equipment as the 'son.' He knows. He understands. You can bet your ass.

Now, really look at the kid. Strip him down and take a good, long look. There he stands, every naked inch of him, his hands behind his back, his head down, his bare feet toe to toe. Look him over. You've got a hundred and some pounds of vital, energetic male there, waiting to be told what it is you want from him. That big dick and those hanging balls aren't going to be used by any dull-eyed hooker in a back room somewhere. That prick ain't going anywhere but straight out.

Untouched, unworshiped and uninserted— at least without his old man's explicit permission and instruction. 'Boy' keeps his hands off it and so does everybody else, bet your/his ass.

But where does his fulfillment come from? We'll cover that later when we get through examining this young stud. You bend him over, make him spread his cheeks— only after he has been given a short-arm examination. Is he broad of shoulder, slim of waist? Are those calves big as most men's thighs? If not, that is obviously something for him to work on. And that chest. Is it full with wide, deep pecs crowned by round, firm nipples? Here is an area that will need and certainly tolerate a lot of work and bring plenty of pleasure to



Photography: JIM PATTON

FIRST, IT SEEMS, YOU HAVE TO GET HIS ATTENTION, THEN PUT (AND KEEP) HIM IN HIS PLACE. SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE SON.

you both. Next, a shapely, firm butt with a tight receptive asshole in between. Try it with your finger or whatever else you have handy. Does he know how to use it? Teach him. Try several fingers.

The key to any relationship is attitude. Whatever his background, there must be much that needs changing. He wants to change or he wouldn't have given himself over to you. Does he question your decisions? Does he ask why and what for? The best solution is to stop it. A well-placed belt, a few hours of heavy servitude will clear his mind. If all else fails, a piss-soaked pair of socks in his mouth will make the remaining session much quieter and harmonious. Your son wants to get down on his knees and serve you. Your cock, balls, legs and feet need the attention of his mouth. Don't let him waste his energy and your time talking, when he should be *doing*!

Who wants a boy who fidgets, moving around, staring at the ceiling while you are lecturing him? The solution: shackle him at the beginning. Ankles first, which keeps him in one place, then wrists, and finally attaching the two together. With him bent over (next page), he stares at what he should be staring at—his feet. It also makes his ass very accessible and makes him aware of the position he is in. Bare feet, a well turned ankle and heavy calves have long been favorites among men of discerning tastes.



"SIR?"

"WHAT, BOY?"

**"MAY I GO
TO THE
BATHROOM,
SIR?"**

"WHAT FOR?"

**"I HAVE TO
PEE, SIR"**

"LATER, BOY."

**"I REALLY
HAVE TO GO, SIR."**

"WHY?!"

**"ALL YOUR
BEER, SIR"**

"LATER!"

"BUT, SIR, I..."

**"I SAID TO
FORGET IT"**

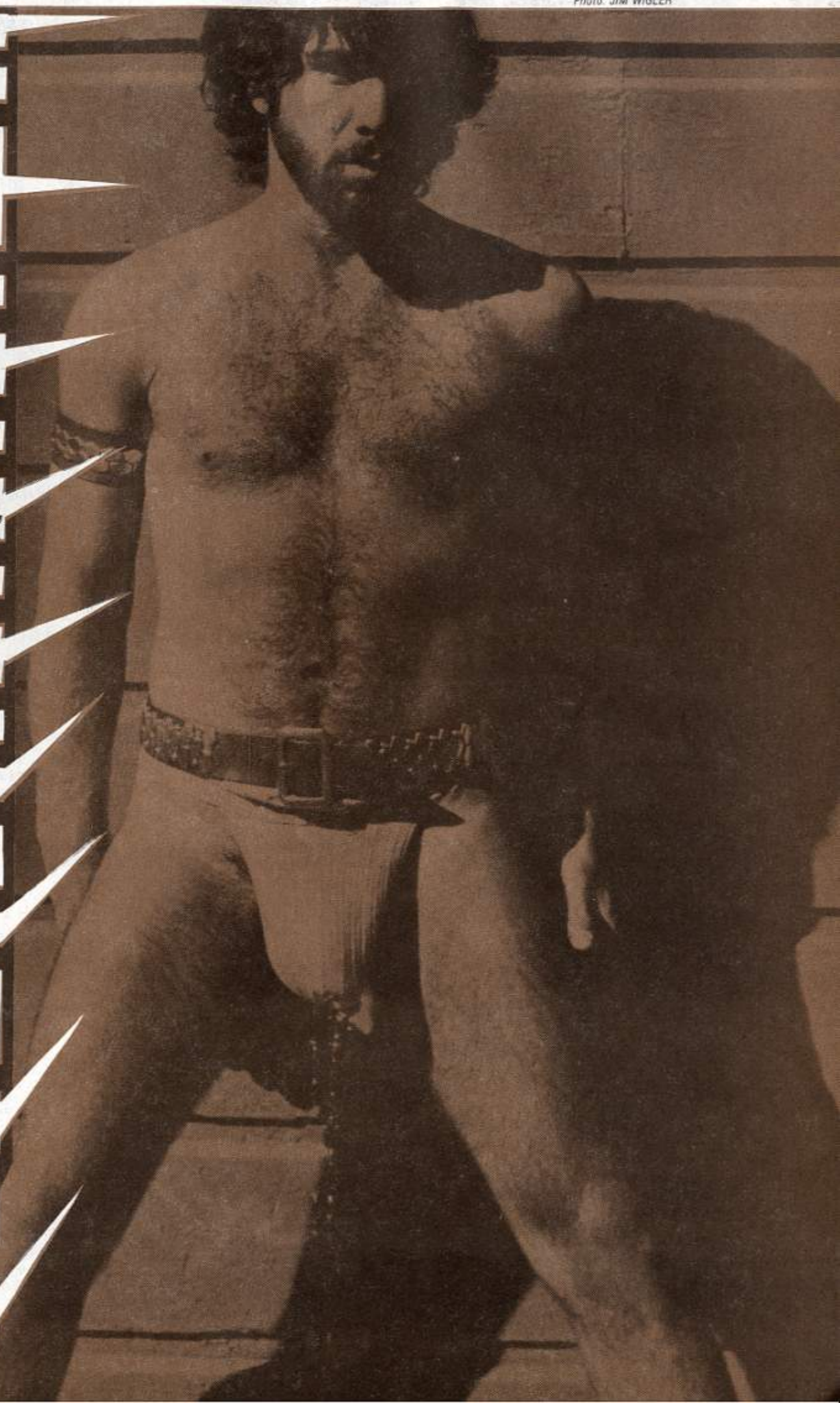
"Y-Y-YES, SIR"

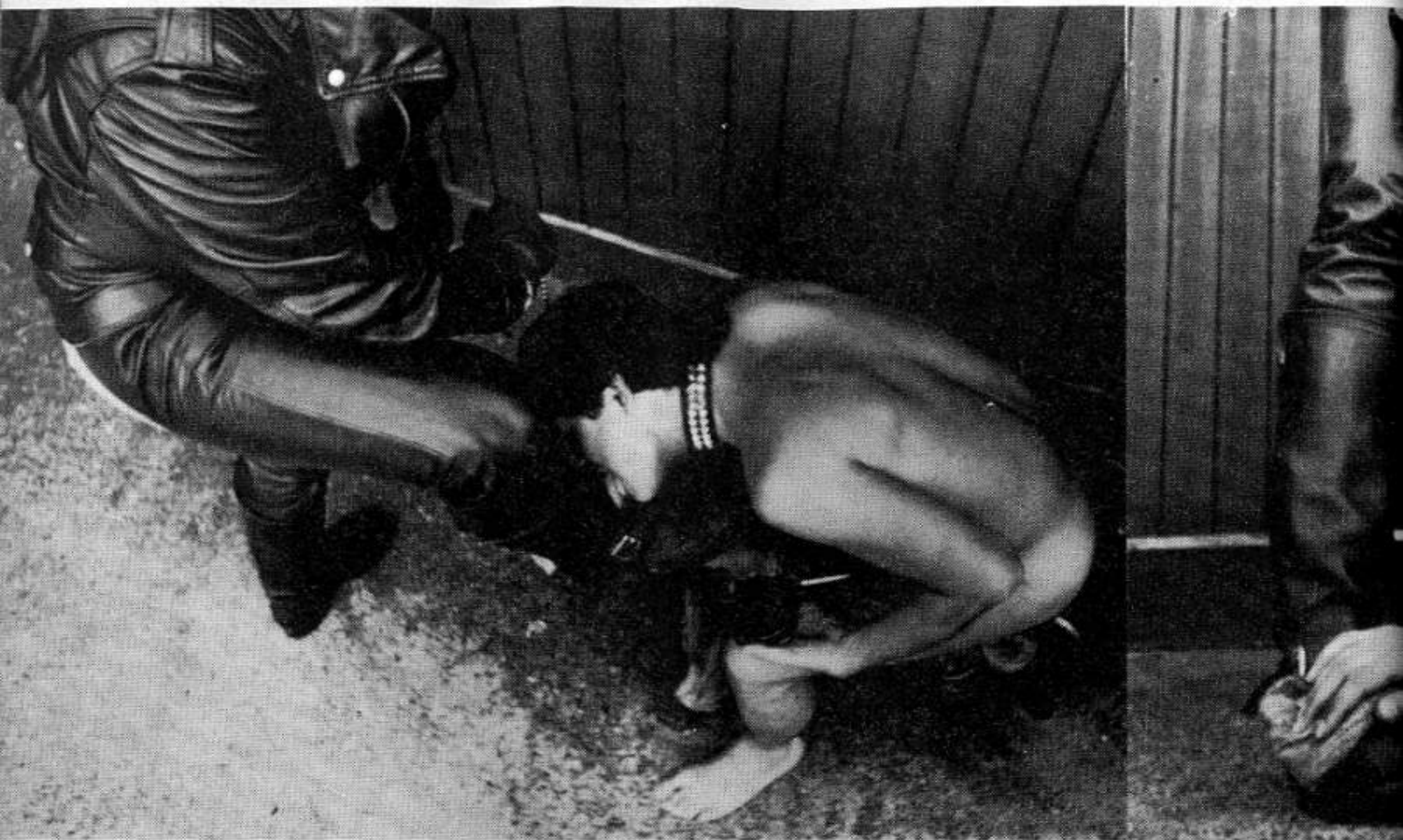
**"WHAT THE
HELL ARE
YOU DOING?"**

**"N-N-NOTHING,
SIR"**

**"YOU'D BETTER
NOT BE, BOY!"**

**"YES, SIR
THANK YOU, SIR"**





Does he have good hair patterns? Enough hair for definition on the chest and upper belly. However, from the navel down it all comes off. He knows that and so do you. Pubic hair is for free men, not for someone in training. The manual requires a smooth crotch and a smooth ass. Anything else you want to shave is fine but, if anyone gets into his pants and sees your crotch/ass handiwork, they know this specimen belongs to someone else.

He should be well-scrubbed, clean skin, nails and whatever hair he might have. The balls should hang down for easy grasping, cock erect, shoulders back, chest and nipples out for your pleasure. He keeps his mouth shut, unless you want to put something in it. His vocabulary consists mainly of "Yes, Sir," and "Thank you, Sir," not unlike boot training in the Marines. I certainly don't need to tell you what to do with him if he sasses you back or is discourteous.

The intensified beginning training begins immediately. Your 'boy' is mainly mouth, asshole and muscle and all three respond to exercise and constant use. If you are going to make a man of him, don't allow any part of him to go flabby. Make him work out at home or at a gym, or just do pushups and situps. Hard work in the back yard or basement is excellent to harden him up. The more sun, the heavier the work, the better. It

will show in time. Diet is important too. There are many schools of thought in this: health foods like protein powder mixed with skim milk to the taste and consistency of wallpaper paste, fresh fruits and vegetables—raw, full of natural fiber and goodness—are unquestioned, whether he likes them or not. Keep him away from rich foods, alcohol, desserts and all the things that you shove down your own throat. Let him watch, perhaps, but that is as close as he should be allowed. You want a showpiece? It takes time, patience and discipline on both sides.

You must be as strict as a drill instructor, and unforgiving as the head of the Spanish Inquisition. His own dad spanked him, or should have. In either case, you show him what he missed or has been missing. The buttocks, the thighs, calves and soles of the feet are responsive to a good whipping, as is the upper back. Stay away from the lower back (kidneys), testicles, head. And don't be too hard on the delicate bones of the feet. Use a wide belt; it zings but doesn't cut like a narrow one. Thick wood paddles or metal pieces won't give, so forget them except to scare him with. Make it very psychological. Make him bring you the instrument and the bondage materials for you to use on him, preferably in his mouth. And make him thank you for it.

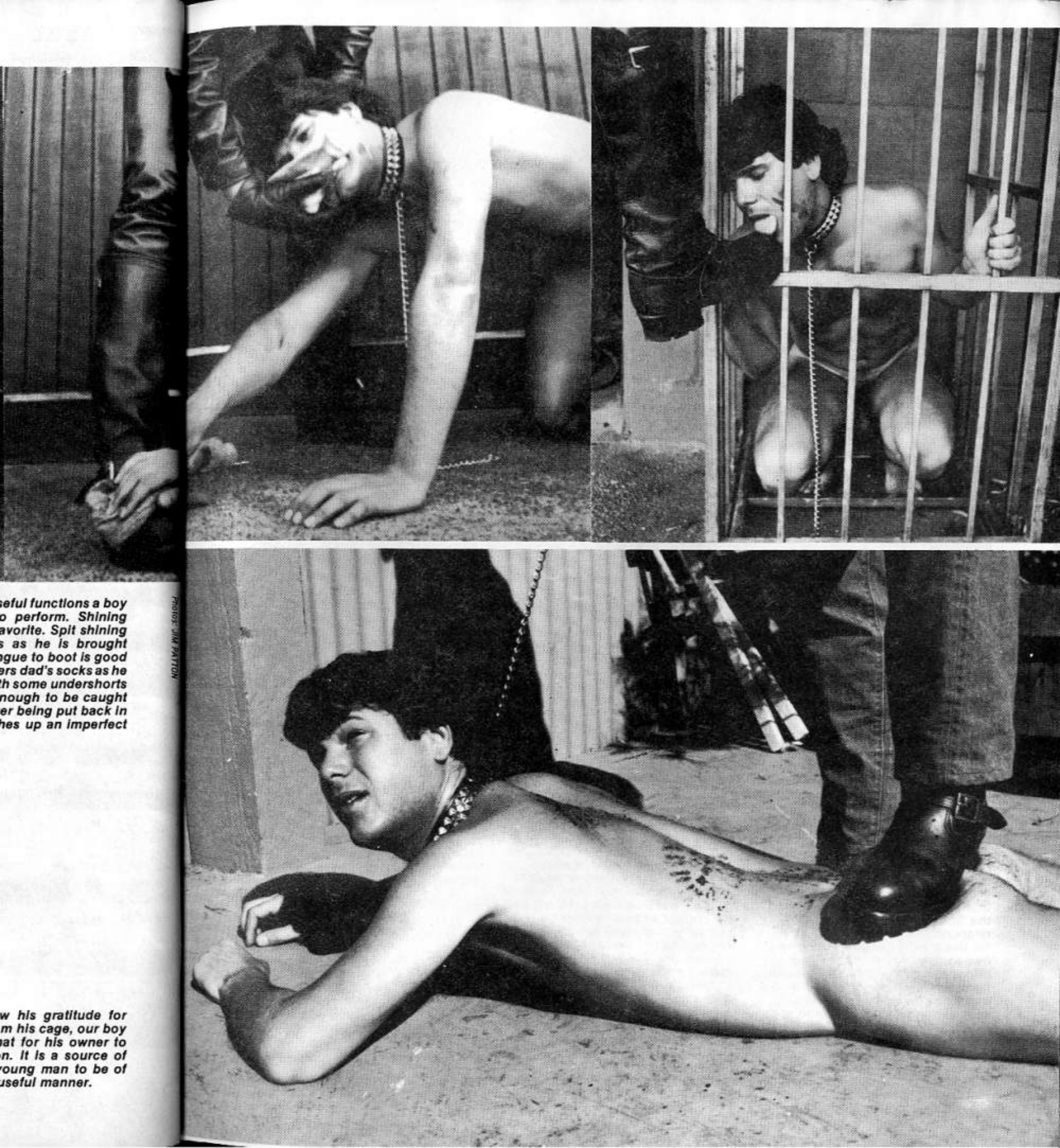
There are many useful functions a boy can be trained to perform. Shining boots is a heavy favorite. Spilt shining his dad's leathers as he is brought down via leash tongue to boot is good training. He launders dad's socks as he buffs the boots with some undershorts he was unlucky enough to be caught wearing. Later, after being put back in his cage, he touches up an imperfect spot.

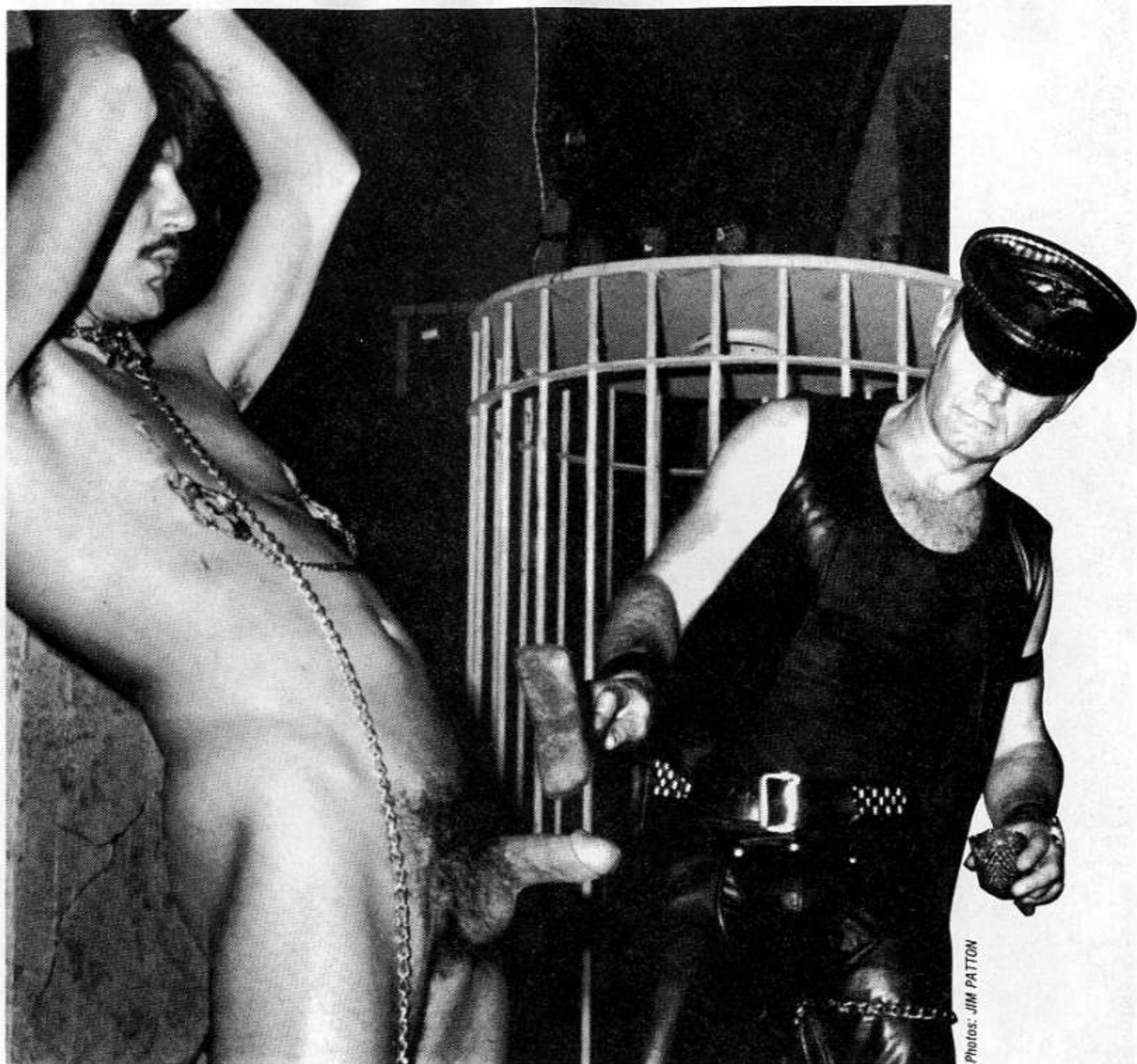
Groveling to show his gratitude for being released from his cage, our boy becomes a doormat for his owner to clean his boots on. It is a source of pleasure for the young man to be of service in such a useful manner.

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PHOTOS: JIM PATTON

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Photos: JIM PATTON

How do you refer to him? "Boy," "You," "The Kid" (whatever the age), "Cocksucker," and "Asshole" are accurate synonyms; give him a number if you have more than one trainee to keep track of. Forget his given name; everybody else calls him that. His training is to get him over the 'business-as-usual,' everyday relationships he has been used to. If he, like a used car, has been pre-owned, you may find a number of things to change about him, learned from his former experience. Or you may be grateful that he was given such expert prior training and maintenance to anticipate your every wish.

Keep him busy, work him hard in the daytime, use him at night. He should have as little freedom as is practical. Idle hands, etc., etc. Get-

ting him his own transportation is a mistake, believe me. Or if you do, keep the keys. Spending money should be accounted for and doled out very little at a time, then mostly for errands. If he works at another job, make him give you his paycheck and you put it into a trust account. He can not, at this point in time, be trusted to make his own decisions and handle his own affairs.

When you are out, his *In Training* T-shirt, his neck chain or dog-collar, his cutoffs and bare feet should identify him as somebody's property. If anyone else wants to check him out or strip him down, it must be done only through you—he certainly has nothing to say about it. In time he will get used to exposing any or all parts of his body to anyone should you wish to show off a new

tattoo, a brand, suntan, new set of rings, improved muscle tone or just last night's welts. Keeping him nude most of the time will get rid of his natural inhibitions and ingrained modesty.

Some men do not like for their sons to run around with an ever-present erection. Above, the man applies a wide belt to the offending member to get it down. Then back into the cage to reflect on applying control to his youthful exuberance.

(Right) A bit more belt and considerable hot wax keeps the young man's ass sensitive and receptive. The wrist and ankle shackles keep it handy.





The results of all this intensified training? If all goes well, within a very few weeks you will have a son not too far from what the Marine Corps turns out: trim, manly, tanned, clean-cut, painfully polite, respectful and obedient as all hell. He will lick the hand that beats him, work himself to a frazzle, be proud and throw his legs up in the air on command, just like what you pick up coming off the Marine base. He knows what his mouth is for, his ass is for, what his whole being is for and, better yet, *who* it all is for. It takes time and patience and considerable imagination. The whole thing must be, more than anything else, what he wants most of all in the world.

The result can be the greatest Father's Day gift in the world.

The subject waits at the DRUMMER Club, in fact has been waiting for about a half hour for his trainer to come back and do whoknowswhat to him. The wait is as much of a turn on as whatever is going to happen. The club lent its facilities to men who wished to bring their trainees for an indulgent weekend.



THE NIGHT I BORROWED A SON

This happened some time ago, at least it started 'way back then. I was in Larry's bar in Los Angeles that night, so you know how long ago that was. Larry's has been closed for a long time now. The two cans in the bar were both full, with a standing line for each. I picked the longer line mostly because in front of me was a young guy who made standing next to him a pleasure. He was solidly built (and still is), good looking with blond hair that was (and isn't now) a little too long for my tastes. His keys were on the right and, since I was looking him up and down, he turned around to face me, like he read my mind. I couldn't tell you the conversation exactly such as it was up to the point where I was unbuttoning his shirt for a better look at (and feel of) that chest. He said, very matter of factly, "You can do anything you want with me, but first I have to clear it with the guy I came here with."

The syntax may have been a little off but I certainly respected the attitude.

"Fine," I said, "let's go talk to him." I don't know how badly he had to pee but he left his place in line and led me over to a bigger guy, dressed similar to the kid. At least he had very little leather on.

I introduced myself, apologized for coming on to his boy, told him I would like to reciprocate the next time when I had my (long-gone) houseboy along, but I wondered if he would mind if I checked his man out in the can.

"Nothing sexual," I assured him. "Just like a closer look at your property." For some reason the stranger disinterestedly said to go ahead, be his guest. I really didn't expect him to be so willing, but I didn't prolong the conversation.

"Come on, kid," I said, and the blond followed me back to the line for the one can that Larry had told me could be locked from the inside.

When we got in, I told him to strip, which he did without question. Off came the few remaining unbuttoned buttons on the shirt, then the levis dropped to the floor, displaying a

very nice bod with some blond hair between those pecs, trailing down in a fine line past the flat belly to his pubic region. And standing up from that small nest was as firm a hard-on as I have ever seen. He stood with his hands at his side, awaiting whatever move I was going to make.

"Take off your shoes and socks, boy."

He hesitated, then stooped over to pull off his high-top shoes or low-top boots, whichever. He pulled the jeans off, along with his undershorts and held them, awaiting my inspection of his body. I ran my hands up and down, had him turn around, bend over and spread his ass. He was a superb piece of flesh. "How old are you, boy?"

"Twenty-three."

"How long have you been with your friend out there?"

"He just asked me out tonight. He wants me to move in with him."

"If you were my property, I would do a lot of things to you, but one of them would not be letting someone else take you to the can and strip you."

"Yes, sir." A pause. "How old are you—sir?"

"Old enough to be your father." He brightened up.

"I guess that is what I was looking for."

Someone was pounding on the door to the can and I yelled at him to knock it off.

"Put your pants back on, kid."

He slipped his jeans up and started to put on his shirt. "I'll take the rest of those clothes."

"But..." He hesitatingly handed me his shirt, shoes, socks and shorts. I unlocked the door and let the next guy, who was probably wetting his pants, in. Blondie and I walked back to the fellow he came in with and I handed the clothing to the guy.

"You've got a good boy there," I said. "Thanks for the courtesy."

He looked surprised and took the clothing, giving it to the kid, who looked at the two of us to determine whether or not he was to get dressed.

"Put your clothes on, Ron," Mr. Personality said and, before I could engage him in conversation as to his plans for the boy, he turned his back to me. What a nerd!

Too bad. The kid had possibilities.

I moved around the crowded rooms, said hello to Larry, who always kept his eye on me to make sure I wasn't fastening someone to the wall-shackles he had up for decoration, or putting someone on the rack, which was very authentic and in excellent working condition. There seemed to be no other live ones in the crowd, just a lot of posers, so eventually I left. As I walked out the back door (the only way you could get in or out of

Larry's) and toward the parking lot, who is standing there but the blond?

"Hello, sir," he says.

"Where is your man?"

"He left. I guess he was pissed at me."

I looked him over again. "So you are looking for an old man, huh?"

"Yes, sir."

"And your name is Ron?"

"Yes, sir."

We walked together over to my bike which was parked back behind all the store buildings next to the bar. I got on it. The kid just stood there.

"You got too many clothes on, kid."

Ron peeled off his shirt, his shoes and socks and laid them down on the asphalt.

"Had any training at all?"

"Some, sir, but not near enough."

"You got a tight ass?" I already knew he did, since I had stuck my finger in it back in the can. He nodded. "You a good cocksucker?"

"Yes, sir!" He dropped to his knees and right then and there put his face to my crotch. I told him to get on and we fired up the bike and drove off into the night.

When we got to my place, I made him strip completely in the garage; in fact, I did the same thing. I told him to show me he could take care of my cock anywhere, any time or place. He put his heart and soul into it like he really wanted it bad.

We went inside and I explained to him that, if I were to take him on as a son, there would be certain things he could expect. First would be a haircut, not just a trim but practically a military cut. He didn't look too pleased but he said nothing, just nodded. I told him I like a shaved crotch and ass and he could expect to get rings through those big nipples when we had worked them up even larger. I put a chain and small padlock around his neck and he became part of the family, along with my dog, the cat and my Kawasaki.

He quit his nothing job and I made him go back to college to get his degree. He more than earns his keep around the house and yard; in fact, he is going hard all day long—between school, his new part-time training position and keeping the whole place up. Then in the evening when I get home, I use him and/or train him.

It has worked out very well. The need is mutual as have been the benefits. Not that there haven't been problems, mind you, but there has to be give and take on both sides.

Ron says he wonders what he would be like if we hadn't met that night. I have grown so dependent on him, so filled with him, that I don't even like to think about that possibility.

□

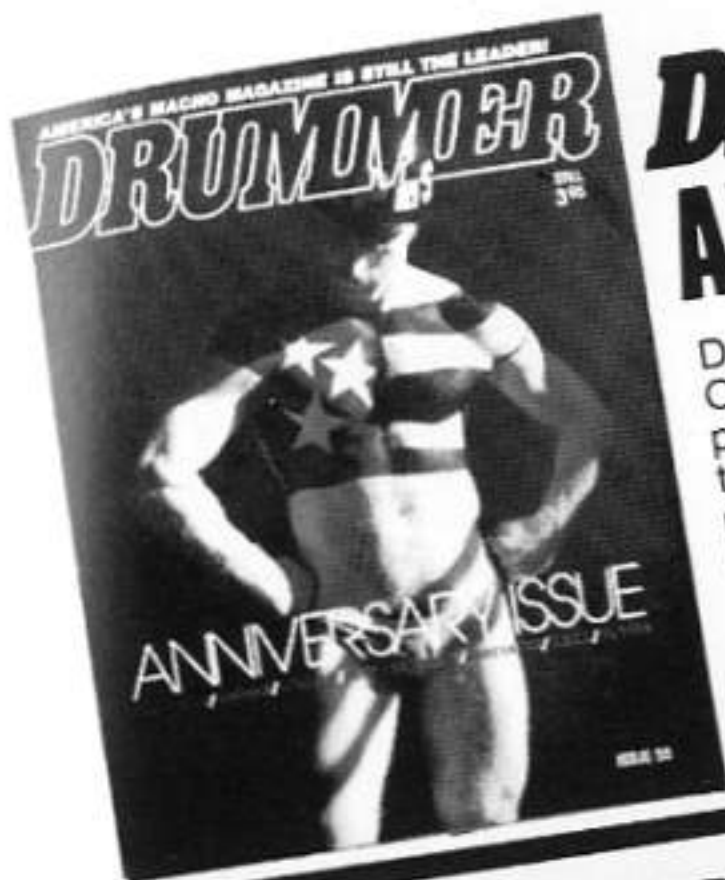


THE LAST WORD



From the sketch book of HARRY BUSH comes this reaction to our project. Harry is intrigued, but not completely sold on the concept of younger men in search of Older Ones. His eloquent pencil makes a point or, to be more accurate, asks a question. The answer is in the action.





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A shirtless man with a mustache and dark hair stands in a tropical setting. He is holding a colorful parrot in his left arm. The background features a wooden shutter, a white wall with a mask and bottles, and lush green plants.

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